

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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HALT! SLANDER!

Admiral Porter on General Grant.

It is with great pleasure that we are enabled to publish the following letter. The charges against public candidates for high office are ordinarily so unscrupulously made, that they scarcely deserve notice. The charge of drunkenness against General U. S. Grant has been so repeatedly asserted, that it is well-nigh worn out.

When a man of the standing of Admiral Porter, however, pronounces it unqualifiedly false,

and the fact is vouched for by an individual of the reputation of the author of the following letter, we give the statement the advantage of any circulation that we may possess.

At the same time, we would remark, that when so many of our greatest departed statesmen have been in the same way slandered, we might reasonably conceive that the aspersion so recklessly and unwarrantably made against the Republican candidate would have passed unnoticed, and been consigned by the thinking members of our body politic to a thorough and merited contempt.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, NEW YORK,
August 10, 1868.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

All patriots and all true Americans have been grieved from day to day by the iteration and reiteration, in the press and on the platform, of allegations against the first soldier and most modest man of the age, as guilty of a vice which might be charged with entire truth against, unhappily, too many public men of this and other countries—drunkenness. This charge, in many, if not most instances, is made by men who are themselves amenable to it, reeking with the fumes of alcohol,

and oblivious, for the time, of the deep debt of gratitude which they owe to the man and the soldier who is the object of their assault. "A lie will travel seven leagues before truth can put on its boots," and a statement may be made in a single sentence which it would require a page to disprove.

Now, the allegation against General Grant, so far as I know, has never been directly made. Who has yet seen the man to vouch for its truth as a matter of personal knowledge? Where is the responsible author of the allegation, and where the men with sufficient claim to credibility to sustain it? *Prima facie*,



THE FUNERAL OF THADDEUS STEVENS—THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—REV. DR. GRAY DELIVERING THE FUNERAL SERMON, AUGUST 14.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 371.

therefore, and until he or they appear, General Grant must be held blameless.

Until somebody of sufficient character to give plausibility to his statement presents himself, the charge should fail to attract notice, or influence action. I am happy, nevertheless, so far as this specific allegation is concerned, to have it in my power to deny its truth, on authority which no man living has assailed or can assail—that of a man who deservedly shares with Farragut the highest naval honors that a grateful country can bestow. I need not say that I refer to Admiral D. D. Porter, son of the illustrious commander of the President and the Essex, and whose name is inseparably connected with all the leading naval exploits of the recent war.

Admiral Porter is a visitor at this modest watering-place—the quietest and least obtrusive of its quiet summer denizens, who discuss political affairs with moderate zeal, and on whom the fiery appeals of the partisan Press fall with no more startling result than is indicated in the following observation from a well-conditioned, retired merchant of our own city. "Of course," said this worthy representative of an important class, "we must elect Grant; especially in view of the new revolution now threatened by the rebels and their sympathizers; but what a pity that the General drinks!"

The promulgators of the allegation against the General would have slunk away under the frown of the brave and bronzed sailor, when he exclaimed in reply:

"Sir: I pronounce the story of General Grant's intemperance a FALSEHOOD! I have known him since the commencement of the war. Our relations while co-operating on the Mississippi were intimate. They were equally intimate on Hampton Roads, on the James River, and the Potomac. They have been so, since the war, both in Washington and Annapolis. I have shared his hospitality, and he has accepted mine. I have met him under all circumstances of fatigue and of festivity, in sunshine and in storm, in despondency and in danger, and have had every opportunity of learning his habits and knowing his conduct; and I say that, during the whole period of my acquaintanceship with him, I have never known him to taste, nor have I ever heard of his touching, intoxicating liquors of any kind, not even wine. In common with all the officers of the army and the navy who have served with General Grant, and shared his intimacy, I have been both shocked and outraged in reading and hearing this allegation against him, and had my position been different, and had it not been that my motive might be misunderstood or misrepresented, I would have long ago denounced the slander on General Grant as it deserves. I repeat, General Grant is decidedly a temperate man, in principle and in practice. You, sir, and those who hear me, may repeat what I say to you, on my authority as an officer and a man."

It now only remains for a man of equal authority with Admiral Porter to present his evidence in support of what I am constrained to regard as a wanton slander on General Grant, and which I hope the readers of your paper will regard and treat as a slander, until it shall be supported by substantial evidence. We cannot afford to lower the reputations of our best men, on whose works this age must rely for its glory in history, to meet any exigency of party. We cannot afford to have it said of us that we are base, ungrateful and malignant. We have done enough during the past eight years to earn one of the brightest records in the chronicles of humanity. Let us not tarnish that record, or justify the saying that "Republics are ungrateful."

Truly, &c., E. GEO. SQUIER.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE extraordinary success attending the publication of the beautiful picture entitled "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," drawn and printed in oils by William Dickes, of London, and published in February last as a Supplement to No. 647 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, induced Mr. Leslie to negotiate with the same unrivaled artist for another production of similar character. Mr. Leslie, having purchased the sole right of publishing the Chromographic works of William Dickes in this country, with natural deference to American sentiment, selected an American theme for this picture, and secured the services of the late lamented Emanuel Leutze to transfer it to canvas.

The following correspondence will be interesting in this connection:

WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, March 3.

Frank Leslie, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—I am here since Sunday morning, and although I have not seen the General, I have made inquiries of Generals Badeau and Parker, and have made up my mind, after reading his father's letters, to represent him as "Horse Tamer" while still a lad. Phil-

hippo—Horse lover, snow scene, woods, grand horse Dave, small boy guiding him, dark on light background—will be done soon. Yours truly,

E. LEUTZE.

444 14th St., WASHINGTON, Monday, 23d.

Frank Leslie, Esq.:

My DEAR SIR—I enclose receipt for the picture, which I sent to-day by Adams' Express. I hope it may meet your approbation.

My idea is, "The Horse Tamer." I intend to represent "how he taught Dave to pace." By "Horse Tamer" I think of classical times—the "Dioscures," Castor and Pollux, the great horse tamers—Philip of Macedonia, the father of Alexander the Great—the tamer of Bucephalus.

Washington was known as a great horse tamer. I love the man (Grant), and will do everything for him. Yours, sincerely,

E. LEUTZE.

It will be seen by the above that the subject of the picture, in printed oils, that we propose soon to introduce to the American public, is

THE HORSE TAMER; OR, THE BOY ULYSSES S. GRANT TEACHING DAVE TO PACE.

This picture was painted by Mr. Leutze, in Washington, shortly before his death, a circumstance which makes it precious beyond its intrinsic value. It was, immediately after its completion, forwarded to Mr. William Dickes, to be printed by chromographic process; and Mr. Leslie, having just received proofs of the work, is able to announce that it will be ready for publication as a Supplement to

Frank Leslie's
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER
early in next September.

Many new dealers were unable to obtain a sufficient number of copies of the "FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," in consequence of their delay in sending in their orders. They preferred to wait for proofs of the picture, and found that the supply was not equal to the demand. We respectfully suggest the advantage of forwarding orders for the "HORSE TAMER" as soon as possible.

Second Annual Report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It may not be out of place to state what this Society is not, and what duties it does not undertake. It is not a branch of the "Children's Aid," nor of the "Temperance" Societies, nor of the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor," nor has it anything to do with the Excise Law, or the Anti-Tobacco movement, or the "City Missions," or the "Society for the Conversion of the Jews." That such assertions are not superfluous, it needs only an attentive perusal of the daily newspapers to convince any one. Scarcely a day, and never a week, passes without Mr. Bergh, and the Society he is identified with, being called on to redress some grievance, or some inhumanity of man to man, with which they cannot possibly interfere without quitting their own peculiar work. It is not difficult to trace the train of reasoning of those who thus invoke the aid of this Society, and though it be sometimes used to cover a sneer, it is generally so respectable that it is worth while to expose the fallacy on which it rests.

Let us suppose a case of gross cruelty to a child, of brutality, or of starvation, made public by the newspapers. Straightway somebody asks whether such oppression is not more worthy of Mr. Bergh's interference than the case of cruelty to a horse or a calf? "Poor child," says one. "If it had only been a dumb animal, how quickly would Mr. Bergh and his Society have redressed its wrongs; but as it is only a human being, how careless and indifferent they are!" The superior value of human life to that of the brute creation is apparent to every one, but surely it is the most narrow and contracted of sentiments that would refuse protection to the latter because the former was not absolutely secure. We conceive that they who allow themselves to be influenced by such ideas forget the first principles of division of labor, by which each man and each association of men has its allotted task, which is best fulfilled by attending to it alone. Would it not be just as fair to ask the Tract Society why it does not distribute Bibles, or the Society of Architects why it neglects Ethnology? The Society whose Second Annual Report is now before us may accept as a compliment the popular belief that, if their energy and zeal were turned to other objects, they would be just as successful as in that to which they confine themselves. But it is grossly illogical and unfair that they should be taunted with not doing what belongs to others, because they do their own self-imposed task so well.

The Report before us shows a gratifying increase in the efficiency of the Society, owing, doubtless, to the prosperous state of its finances, enabling it to employ a larger number of agents than during the first year of its existence. Thus, we find the number of complaints before the magistrates have been 241, against about 100 last year, followed by 151 convictions, against 83 last year, by far the larger proportion being of cruelty, in various forms, to horses. Perhaps the most interesting of these in every way to the public, involving, as it does, the vexed question of overcrowding street railway cars, is that of the action brought by this Society against the conductor and

driver of a Bleeker street car for carrying a heavier load of passengers than the horses were able to draw. The jury before which the case was tried convicted the defendants, and the Judge inflicted a fine of \$250 each. The case has, however, been appealed to the Supreme Court, and the public must watch with a considerable degree of interest the issue of a matter which involves not alone the point of cruelty to the horses drawing the car, but the comfort and safety of the passengers inside it. Should the conviction be sustained, an instinct of natural justice would desire that the heavy penalty should fall, not on the servants of the railroad company, who are unable to prevent people getting on the cars, but on the directors, who are really the responsible parties. These, however, may fairly allege, that the fault is not theirs, but in the system which has developed in accordance with the popular requirements, and which they are unable to change, at least without the concurrence of the other street railway companies. It may be observed, *en passant*, that a load which two horses can draw on the ordinary pavement, can be no fair measure of a load which they can draw on a railroad. The question of the friction to be overcome assumes, then, a primary importance; and till this is ascertained—which it easily may be—we are not in a position to say what would be a fair limit to the number of passengers in a car, leaving their comfort apart, and with regard only to the capabilities of the horses. Supposing, however, that that limit were found in the number of thirty, is it not evident that the persons who are guilty of cruelty are those who persist on entering the car after that number is reached? Yet, as cars are at present constructed, it is manifestly impossible to hinder people getting on so long as there is standing room, equally impossible to arrest and fine those who do so, and unjust to fine the conductors for what they cannot prevent. We confess that the subject is one full of difficulty, for, granted that the construction of the cars were changed, and only a limited number of passengers allowed on each, it would be necessary for the accommodation of the public that the number of the cars should be doubled, and for such an increased number there is not sufficient room on the thoroughfares which they already encumber. Perhaps the experiment of a limited number to each car might be tried for a time; and we are sure we do not overrate the humanity and kindly feelings of citizens, in thinking that they would submit to a temporary inconvenience, when made aware that mercy to horses could only be assured by their forbearance.

Everybody must regret to see any want of accordance between Mr. Bergh and the eminent physiologist Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., on the subject of vivisection, and we should be unwilling to think that there existed any difference between two gentlemen, both devoted to the service of humanity, which a more frank interchange of views would not reconcile. The essence of cruelty to animals lies in its wantonness. Were it otherwise, that is, were every destruction of life, cruelty, the slaughter of animals for food could not be defended, and we must become Brahmins. But it is conceded that animals may be killed for the use of man, and, if necessary for scientific investigations into the hidden mysteries of our nature that the living tissues of animals should be laid bare, unimpeded by the use of anesthetics, we are unable to see that such practice is not equally defensible. Perhaps the proper limitation would be found in the cessation of the experiments after the points sought by science had been determined; and no one who knows Dr. Flint will suppose for a moment that, either by way of experiment or demonstration, any suffering would be inflicted on a living animal that could, consistently with the ends of true science, be avoided. We are quite aware that it is precisely on the point of necessity that Mr. Bergh differs from the surgeons at Bellevue Hospital, and relies on the opinions of the "most learned and distinguished physiologists of the world" as supporting his views. Still, in another part of the Report, in describing what certain foreign physiologists, whom he names, have done, in order to ascertain the causes of rabies in dogs, he describes, without disapprobation, experiments compared with which Dr. Flint's would be mercy itself. In fact, the whole case is conceded when they are not condemned. "They (the distinguished physiologists) affirm they have put dogs and cats in an enclosure together, and there kept them without food or water until they devoured one another, without hydrophobia ever developing itself. Moreover, they have subjected them to a continuous annoyance, with a view to provoking them to madness, without effect; and have furnished them foul water, and flesh of the most unhealthy and corrupt quality, with like result."

It is impossible within the space of a single article even to enumerate the subjects of interest contained in this Report, and we shall only notice further an extract from the City Corporation Ordinances, Chapter 29, "on driving horses in the city," which may possess

the charm of novelty to our readers. Section 1 provides that no horse shall be ridden or driven faster than at the rate of five miles an hour, under a penalty of ten dollars. Section 2 provides for the infliction of a fine of five dollars on any person who shall ride or drive a horse otherwise than on a walk upon turning the corner of any street in the city. Section 4, "no person shall suffer or permit to go, or lead, or ride, or drive, any horse upon any sidewalk in the city of New York, under penalty of five dollars for each offense." The other sections are unimportant. Like most laws of the kind, it is nowhere stated who has a right to give information of their violation, nor to whom such information is to be given, nor how the penalty is to be collected, nor to whom paid. It is notorious that these laws are habitually disregarded. It is impossible for a pedestrian to pass along any of the business streets down town without being obliged to turn into the street to avoid horses on the sidewalk; and what driver, we should like to know, ever checks his horse from a trot into a walk on turning a corner? It appears to us, however, that by a slight addition to the law, it might be easily enforced, and at the same time a very decent livelihood be provided for numbers of people out of work. First, let half of the penalty go to the informer, and next, let it be levied, by the nearest police justice having summary jurisdiction, on the sworn information of two witnesses. At present no one, not even a police officer, has any inducement in seeing the law obeyed; but only let the change we propose be made, and many needy persons would be lifted out of penury, and danger to life and limb would be sensibly diminished. A comfortable annuity might safely be guaranteed to the watcher at the corner of the Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street.

We do not know the object of the Society in republishing this ordinance in their yearly Report, but trust it is a premonition that they are about to see that it is enforced.

"Colored Democrats" and "Radical Niggers."

THERE is some truth in the cry that the South is getting under "negro rule," and that this is no longer a "white man's government." We read of "Democratic colored clubs" (no longer "nigger clubs") in North Carolina, and "colored barbecues." The Thibodeaux Sentinel, of Louisiana, shouts:

"Colored democracy of Lafourche! Wake up, organize your clubs, and with the aid of our good citizens go to work and secure the exercise of your rights, so that in November next you may contribute in restoring peace, order, and prosperity in our land of promise."

The Alexandria Democrat, of the same State, says:

"It is no use any longer disguising the fact patent to all, that the colored democracy of Rapides is now a fixed institution, alive, wide awake, in real earnest, and with a local habitation and a name. Not content with the Lamothe barbecue, they got up a ball—a roasting ball—on last Saturday night. They were gratified and honored by the proprietor of the Ice House placing at their disposal the fine and large ballroom in his hotel. We must candidly admit that this element of the democratic party of Rapides is far ahead of any new organization we ever witnessed before in our parish. Their ball was well got up, and a handsome affair."

The Iberville South, also of Louisiana, announces:

"A colored democratic club, for this precinct, will be organized at the office of N. Barrow, this evening. This movement should be encouraged and aided by our best citizens, and let the colored men who may attend be assured that they will be protected in the full exercise of all their rights as citizens and voters."

At a Democratic convention, lately held in Yazoo City, Mississippi, it was resolved that

"As citizens of Mississippi we declare that it is our purpose to confer impartial suffrage on all men, irrespective of color, and to place all men on terms of equality before the law, so that life, liberty, and property may be equally assured to all."

In every other Southern State, in Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, and Florida, we hear the most exciting appeals, in Democratic speeches, resolutions, and circulars, to the "colored population." "Colored" orators are on the stump for Seymour and Blair, and it would appear that there are no longer any "niggers," except "Radical" darkies. These are the only ones with curvilinear shins, and the hollow of whose foot makes a hole in the ground. In the pure rays of the Democratic sun, Sambo's face is radiant with Caucasian glory. It depends entirely on the way he votes, whether our dusky friends are "ignorant, brutal niggers," or "colored freemen."

Either all this is a practical and final surrender of the Democracy to the Constitutional Amendments and Reconstruction laws, or it is a cruel fraud on the Freedmen. It would surpass all records of perfidy, if, obtaining power by these appeals to the negroes, and by their votes, the Democracy should undertake to carry out the declarations of their platform, and of their candidates, and treat these amendments and laws as "null and void!"

And what has our friend Patrick to say to all this? Is he ready to affiliate with the "nagar" on condition that he votes with him? It would seem that this is precisely what he is asked to do by his leaders.

False Prophets.

ONE result, not the most agreeable, of the dullness which follows on the recess of Con-

gress, is that, in the dearth of other matters, the heavy daily papers resort to the discussion of commercial matters. Whether it be that the habit of political speculation is unfavorable to the accuracy which their new topic requires, or whether they think that misstatements will pass unchallenged, is not easy to determine, but it is certain that the comments of the *New York Times*, and (following its lead) the *Herald*, reflect no credit on their sources of information. Thus, writing of the crops, both these papers allege that so great is the urgency for supplies of hay in Great Britain, in consequence of the drought, that it has to be shipped from here by steamers. The slightest inquiry would have shown the writers that hay was being shipped by steamers, simply because there were no sailing vessels in the berth. Why there are none—what has become of our splendid "liners"—and whether the European trade is to be carried on henceforward exclusively by steamers, and these foreign-built moreover—are matters worthy of earnest inquiry. We do not say there is no urgent demand abroad for our hay; only that shipping it by steamers does not prove the urgency, which it is quite possible does not exist.

But the *New York Times* goes further in its anxiety to forecast high prices for our wheat crop. It asserts that the demand for it in England is so great, that orders for its shipment, "unlimited as to price," have been sent here. Now, the only object of such an assertion must be to induce holders of wheat to withdraw it from market, in the hopes of higher prices, and as such a proceeding can work nothing but injury to our own population, it is worth while to inquire if there be any truth in it.

At the current quotations of No. 2 spring wheat, namely, \$2.10 per 60 lbs., the cost to sell in Liverpool is 11s. 6d. Sterling per 100 lbs. The quotation of such wheat by cable is 10s. 10d. per 100 lbs., showing an actual loss on importation. Is it probable, therefore, that any merchant would send "unlimited orders" for an article that could only be shipped at an unlimited loss? Would he not much rather buy at home, where wheat is so much cheaper, than here?

Besides, if there were any such orders in the market, should we not see shipments of wheat going on? But the fact is, which a reference to any lists of exports will verify, there is absolutely no wheat being shipped abroad.

Cheap bread is so essential to the prosperity and comfort of our people, that we cannot but think that journals of large circulation and acknowledged influence commit a grave fault when they give currency to such erroneous statements as the one we have exposed.

Matters and Things.

In a communication to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, it appears that between the ages of 20 and 25, the number of deaths among bachelors is double of those that occur among married men. This inequality of mortality diminishes during the subsequent ages, but the advantage always remains on the side of the votaries of Hymen. Thus, from the age of 20 to the termination of life, the average attained by married men is 59½ years, while that of bachelors is only 40.—The *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French empire, is strongly in favor of a new Atlantic cable between Brest and New York. It is time, it says, that France should fill up the link that is wanting in telegraphy, and save Europe the obloquy of sending all her dispatches to America across the English and Irish Channels. Look at the map, and you will see that the true line between Europe and the United States is from Brest to St. Pierre Miquelon, and thence to New York; the first, a section of 2,088 nautical miles, the second, only of 950. Recourse must be had, it allows, to British forges for a cable of eight millions of metres; but apart from that, "there is no material impossibility why the President of the United States should not address the first telegram to the Emperor of the French by the 15th of August, 1869. The *Moniteur* estimates the commercial movement between Europe and America at fifteen millions daily: 2,000 European cities corresponding regularly with the United States. Competition, it insists, will only increase the communications and the receipts of both cables; just as has been the case in the French transatlantic steamers from Havre, where the demands for passage are so great that the Chamber of Commerce is constantly demanding a weekly instead of a fortnightly line; in order to rid the port entirely of the English boats.—Albert Pike, who, during the war, was commissioned General by Jeff Davis, and sent out among the Indians to excite them against the Union, is now trying his hand at exciting the whites to a new revolution. He says in his paper, published at Memphis: "Democrats! arm, organize, if you would not be massacred like helpless children!" By whom, we would ask?—About means. Cases vary. The laboring man, who is hard at work in the open air, must have his substantial meal at or near midday. From early morning his physical powers have been taxed, and they imperatively need the repair which only food can give. For him it would be the utmost folly to postpone his chief meal till the evening; he could neither work in the afternoon, nor easily recover from the exhaustion consequent on long-sustained exertion without food. But for any one engaged in intellectual labor, the best time for the chief meal of the day is certainly after the work of it is past. There is then time for quiet digestion without the danger of straining the system by an endeavor to work with the brain

while the stomach is performing its functions. The time of this meal ought not, however, to be fixed too late, for that arrangement interferes with the hours of sleep, which are almost more needful to the brain-worker than any one else. The large numbers of persons who, in this country, are brain-workers after one fashion or another, are indeed unwise to postpone their solid meal till very late, in obedience to any dictates of fashion, and they certainly are the sufferers in the end.—About women. A man—a mere man!—in the *Poll Mail Gazette* affirms: "Men are superior to women—that is, that we have more moral, intellectual, and physical strength than they have; that we know more, feel more, can do more, are their superiors in every sense in which one class of beings can be superior to another. Secondly, that families are in the nature of small governments, and that the constitution of those governments should be monarchical, the husband being king. Thirdly, that family life, the position of a daughter, a wife, and a mother, is the normal and the most honorable course of life for women in general; that women who do not follow it should be regarded as exceptional persons; and that the law of the land should be based upon principles adapted for the case of those who do, not for the case of those who do not."

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

—The negro Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana made a very sensible speech on taking office. He said—"As to myself and my people, we are not seeking social equalities. That is a thing no law can govern. We all have our preferences; we all wish to select our associates, and no legislation can select them for us. We ask nothing of the kind. We simply ask to be allowed an equal chance in the race of life, an equal opportunity of supporting our families, of educating our children, and of becoming worthy citizens of this Government."

We are glad that Congress has put a stop to the abuse of the Nation's property, by the exhibition, in the Rotunda and other parts of the Capitol, of what are facetiously called "works of art"—daubs by wretched painters, and models, casts, and what some Congressmen call "statues," by still more wretched "sculptors," or persons (to use the Congressional vocabulary) "who sculpt!" The Temple at Jerusalem, before the money-changers and other abominations were cast out, never stood in greater need of cleansing than has the National Capitol for the last ten years—especially since every Member of the House has insisted that his constituents should have "a show," regardless alike of ability or proficiency.

LOTTA.

Our charming little past season's pet—the Lotta—has made her reappearance in a new character, in a new drama, at Wallace's Theatre.

Unfortunately the crop of new dramas is now so very plentiful, that we are beginning to grow critical. In the olden time we went to see an actual novelty once or twice a year. It was naturally, and therefore inevitably, a positive success.

At present some fifty or sixty a year are vouchsafed us. Who the deuce can endure so many indifferences, simply because they profess to be new?

"Fire-Flies" is simply an indifference.

It is written by Mr. Edmund Falconer, who largely induces us to disbelieve Mr. Bourcicault's lately published statement respecting the pecuniary value of dramatic success in England. Mr. Falconer announced himself on his arrival as an English success. Supposing Mr. Bourcicault's computations to be true, why does he come here? But possibly he may not have been an English success. Or probably he has come here to work off some specimens of his old dramatic stock which were unavailable in the "light little island." We offer him the three suppositions as a matter of speculation.

—In "Fire-Flies" we have a *Vivandiere* represented by Lotta, who does what we feel morally certain no *Vivandiere* ever did in the actual French army.—i. e. she falls in love with a single soldier. The love of the *Vivandiere*, on the contrary, is generally of an omnivorous quality. Moreover, the aforesaid *Vivandiere* absolutely sacrifices her life at the end of the drama for a gentleman who has got into difficulties with a platoon of his own regiment, on account of striking his Colonel on behalf of another portion of female flesh. The plot is, as embodied in its principal character, undeniably preposterous.

Setting aside the enormities of the plot, however, we have nothing but praise to award that delicious little bundle of dash, vivacity, and roguishness, and let us add, at any rate upon this occasion, of touching pathos. Who could ever have suspected sparkling little Lotta of drawing a tear from even the most tender-hearted of her audience? Yet she does so, and displays a genuine histrionic tact and power for which we certainly never before gave her credit. We have always accorded Lotta genius. A girl who, without acting—we mean in the common sense of the term—could fascinate all who saw her, possessed something more than a mere practical talent. If she can learn to add this to everything that she has hitherto done, as she gives a strong hint of doing in many portions of the "Fire-Flies," we shall be able to lift her into an even higher niche in our theatrical portrait gallery. But in the name of all that is merciful, we would have her or her dramatist deal more liberally with the other members of her company when she again attempts seriously to embody a character. This will by no means injure her. On the contrary, it will make her part all the stronger, from the very opposition it will afford to her *epiegle* and abundant vitality to put itself in stronger evidence.

—Humpty Dumpty is still on the bills at the Olympic.

—Hard Cash rejoices the many at the New York Theatre.

—"Trodden Down" draws splendid houses at the Broadway.

—While the "Barbe Bleue" increases its houses every night at Niblo's Garden.

ART GOSSIP.

THE suite of studios at No. 1,193 Broadway has not been altogether deserted during the summer season. Mr. J. F. Kensett, although passing much of his time at Darien, Conn., has returned to his city studio at intervals. There is now upon his easel a large and fine landscape of Lake George scenery, which will probably be ready for the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design. Mr. G. A. Baker is now at Darien

where he has a studio in which he works during most of the summer months. Mr. Lang, who also passes a portion of the summer at the same place, has lately been in the city, and was at work in his studio when we last visited him, a few days since. He will shortly be fully engaged on two compositions of large cabinet size—one of them illustrating a passage from history, the other a genre subject of a picturesque and melodramatic character. Mr. Lang will reopen his school of art for ladies in November.

Mr. W. Macdonald, who occupies one of the studios in the Waverley Building, has lately completed in plaster his statue of "La Sonnambula." The figure is that of a beautiful woman, nude, though with a mass of drapery hanging down from the shoulders, behind. She holds a lamp aloft with one hand, and the expression of her eyes conveys admirably the idea of somnolence and dreamland mystery. This statue is to be transferred to marble, a block of which material is now in preparation for it.

Mr. J. Beaufain Irving is putting the finishing touches to a very highly-wrought little picture of a lady leaning over a cot in which her baby is lying. The lady is very richly dressed. Very rich, also, are the accessories and background, and of all these the various effects and surfaces have been rendered by the artist with admirable skill and feeling for color.

Mr. W. E. Marshall, the painter and engraver of the well-known portrait of General Grant, has just completed another portrait, in oil, of the same distinguished commander. It will probably be exhibited in this city before long.

"Sheridan's Ride" has furnished a fitting subject for the pencil of Mr. T. Buchanan Read, the American painter and poet, who has been for some time a resident of Rome, but is now traveling along the varied banks of the Rhine.

BOOK NOTICES, &c.

THE BOOK OF PERFUMES. By EUGENE RIMMEL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have received from Edward Greey & Co., of this city, a copy of this very handsomely got-up and profusely illustrated work. The author, a perfumer of note, after devoting a few pages to the physiology of odors in general, traces the history of perfumes and cosmetics, from the earliest times to the present. He then briefly describes the various modes in use for extracting the aroma from plants and flowers, and concludes with a summary of the principal fragrant materials used in the manufacture—in short, gives all the information likely to be interesting to the general reader. The book contains many curious facts in relation to the use of perfumes and cosmetics among the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, as well as among the Orientals and semi-barbarous races. More than 250 engravings are distributed through its pages.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867. By EUGENE RIMMEL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Mr. Rimmel, himself an exhibitor, supplies us in this elegantly bound and beautifully illustrated work with a very complete and at the same time lively and entertaining description of the great "world's fair," all the more valuable because it is sensible, practical, and discriminating, omitting little of interest, while at the same time avoiding the tedious details of official reports. With its excellent illustrations, this volume will be an ornament for the centre-table, while the shrewd and instructive criticisms with which it abounds will entitle it to an honorable place in the library.

MARRIED, at Saratoga Springs, on August 15th, by the Rev. Joel Squier, ALFRED ARTHUR, second son of Mr. FRANK LESLIE, to Miss ADA VROOMAN.

Funeral of Thaddeus Stevens—The Ceremony in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, D. C.—The Departure of the Remains for Lancaster, Pa.

DURING Thursday, and until 9 o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 14th August, the remains of the late Hon. Thaddeus Stevens lay in state, in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, D. C. Thousands of citizens and strangers at the National Capitol took advantage of the opportunity for a last look at the features of the great party leader whose voice and will had so long influenced, if not controlled, the action of the House of Representatives. The Rotunda was kept open all night, and until midnight a stream of sad visitors passed beneath the dome, and gazed upon the face of the dead, reposing so near the scene of his legislative labors. A guard of honor, composed of twenty-five members of the Butler Zouaves (colored), remained with the corpse. At an early hour on Friday morning preparations were made for the funeral ceremonies, under the management of Geo. T. Brown, Esq., the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Gen. Jas. A. Eiken and Gen. Michler, Commissioners of Public Buildings. Eight gentlemen from Lancaster County, Messrs. J. M. Parke, Sam. Houston, J. S. Strachour, R. Jenkin Jacobs, James Cross, E. S. Prossin, W. F. Martin and J. O. Easton, acted as pall-bearers, and at five minutes past eight o'clock took their positions on either side of the coffin.

Immediately in their rear stood the guard of the Butler Zouaves, with side arms, while at the head of the coffin, chairs were arranged for the family of deceased. Senators Trumbull and Sumner, and the Committee from the Washington Council, were present, and shortly after the entrance of the ministers, attending physicians, relatives and servant of the deceased, the services were commenced by reading the Ninth Psalm, and selections from the Bible. Rev. Dr. Gray delivered an appropriate and affecting sermon, and the Rev. Dr. Hamilton concluded the exercises with a prayer and benediction. Eleven Sisters of Charity were present during the service, at the conclusion of which, the procession was formed and moved to the Baltimore depot. The hearse, containing the remains, was drawn by four white horses. On the arrival at the depot, the coffin was deposited in the car arranged for the purpose, and at ten o'clock the train started for Lancaster, where the bones of the departed statesman will be left to their repose.

VICTOR HUGO writes all his manuscripts with a very soft lead pencil, which he often forgets to sharpen, so that the letters assume a gigantic size, and eight or ten lines cover nearly a whole sheet of paper. Perhaps no other eminent contemporary author complies so conscientiously with the sensible advice which Horace gives to poets and authors. Victor Hugo corrects his manuscripts again and again, until the work often undergoes a complete change. Some of his most celebrated poems he rewrote so often that his son, Charles, intends to publish after his father's death, an edition of the poems of Victor Hugo, with the stanzas which his father rejected. These stanzas, it is said, would form a volume of great beauty and value. Sometimes Victor Hugo works very rapidly; thus, for instance, he completed the last part of "Les Misérables" in a week. The "Toilers of the Sea" was written in six months. Some of his best poems were written on the spur of the moment.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE IN ENGLAND.

THE London Review sums up the result of a year's work by an accident insurance company in England:

"A list of persons who have been remunerated for personal damage has been published by the society. It is highly instructive. Indeed, we have never previously seen an effort to define the relative amount of compensation (which, in the company's hands, turns into compensation), due to sufferers by various kinds of accidents. The first in the list is a clergyman who fell down the stairs of his cellar. Probably he was on pleasure bent, and being frugal enough to dispense with the services of a butler, was about to bring up some wine for the people he had invited to dinner. However that may be, he fell, and having had the forethought to pay this benevolent company three pounds, they were kind enough to return him sixty pounds. Presently, however, we find that a 'gentleman' also fell down-stairs, and got £1,000. We suspect that this gentleman died, and that the compensation could only benefit him when, from another sphere, he looked down (or up) and saw his children enjoying the fruits of his provident thoughtfulness."

"We are then told that a gentleman in Weedon burnt himself when gallantly rescuing a lady from a fire. We should have thought that such a deed would have merited a large compensation, but the company, probably considering that virtue ought to be its own reward, only gave him twelve pounds. A farmer in Hurst, we learn, got a wound in the eye from a pea-stick, and it was perhaps to solace him for the ignominy of the wound that our kindly company presented him with £100. The next sufferer is a surgeon, who, it appears, was in a stable and was kicked by a horse. As he received £1,000 by way of compensation, and as this is the amount paid if you die, we presume the kick was too much for the unhappy surgeon. On his deathbed, however, he must have been solaced by the knowledge that he would get £997 from the company—the premium he had being £3."

"Among the 'accidents in professional pursuits,' two surgeons appear, one of them having poisoned his hand while dissecting, the other having wounded his hand with a lancet. But suppose a surgeon was accidentally to kill his patient—and we have heard of such cases—would the latter, suppose he had paid his premium, get £1,000? It is quite clear that a man runs a greater chance of being sent out of the world through the accidental blunder of a surgeon than by a kick from a horse. The company, besides, ought to make a deduction in such cases as show unpardonable negligence on the part of the sufferer; the man who puts himself within reach of a horse's hind legs, without knowing the temper of the animal, provokes the accident for which he gets paid."

"With the two surgeons there appears an architect who went and knocked his head against a beam. Why should he get £50 for his stupidity? Even granting that his head was worth £50, the gratuitous nature of the accident should have warranted the company in deducting a half of the compensation. So with two persons who were knocked down by an engine. The man who gets in the way of a railway engine must expect to be hurt; at least, the chances are so much in favor of the engine knocking him down, instead of the engine being knocked off the rails, that, in equity, we should exonerate the insurance company. We should even be disposed to refuse the application of the farmer, at Thuring, who was hurt through the one barrel of a gun exploding while he was loading the other. The man who loads a gun with the muzzle pointing toward him, so that in the event of a charge going off, there is even a chance of his being shot, ought, instead of receiving five hundred pounds compensation, be compelled to pay five hundred pounds to the nearest lunatic asylum. Then, as we have already mentioned, if you are actually killed, one thousand pounds is paid to you as solatium."

"The persons out of work who adopt this means of making a living must take care not to overdo it. They may go too far and get a final £1,000. They ought to choose safe accidents. To stand in the way of a train certainly insures an accident; but the accident may be too serious. Tumbling from a horse is also perilous. The safest accident we observe in this column is the fall down-stairs. You may practice this fall till you know how many steps it will take to dislocate your shoulder without breaking your neck. Of course, the experimenter must vary his line of business, for if he were to keep continually dislocating his shoulder, the company might become suspicious."

Singular and Fatal Presentiment.

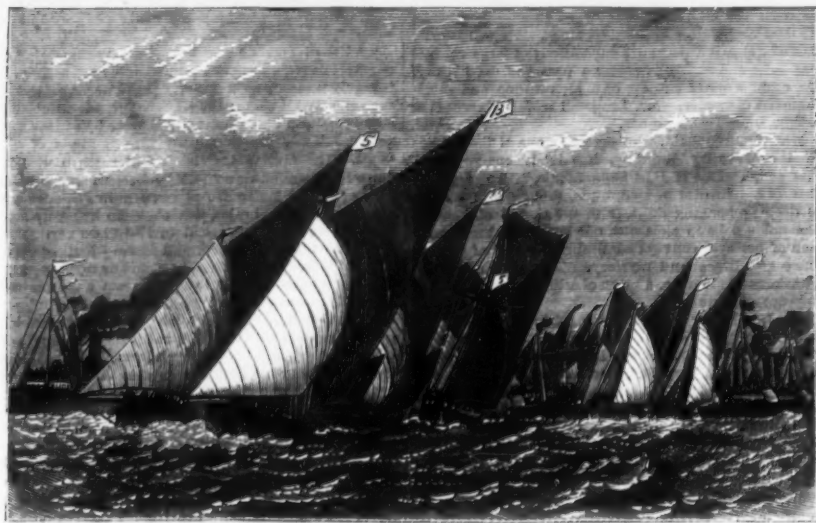
A STRANGE CASE of fatal presentiment occurred about eight miles from Nashville, Tenn., on the Charlotte Pike.

Young Jim Hally, of the Hally family, a boy about sixteen or seventeen years of age, very clever, intelligent and courageous, was working out in a potato-patch all day. About three o'clock he came into the house very much disturbed in mind, with a somewhat wild expression of face, and sat in an easy-chair, in the parlor, and began to rock to and fro furiously. His mother found him in this condition, and anxiously inquired what was the matter. He made no answer, but continued to move backward and forward in the chair. After a while, the father, who had been in town, returned, and was shocked to see his son in so unaccountable a condition of mind. He became apprehensive that mental disorder had taken hold of him, as it had of himself upon many occasions. After many unavailing attempts to force the young fellow to speak, he lifted him out of his chair and brought him to the veranda. The storm was coming up at the time, and the lightning played occasionally in the horizon. Suddenly, as young Hally's eyes caught one of the far off flashes, he jumped to his feet, and throwing up both hands, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Father, I am going to die!" and rushed to the potato-patch, where he had been working, and took his position under a large tree.

The father called for some help, and followed him. Whilst the elder Hally and the hired man were endeavoring to persuade the boy to go back to the house, a flash of lightning came, which rent the tree from the topmost branch to the roots. One of the limbs struck the little fellow on the head apparently a slight blow. He fell down and never breathed again. It left nothing but a small black mark on the right temple. He was fair, inclined to a sallow complexion, but after the fatal stroke a bluish suffused his cheek. The expression of his face was that of one in the position of serene and heartfelt joy.

If I had to be a bird, I wouldn't be a lark; they have to rise so early, and go to bed at dark. I wouldn't be an eagle, the king of birds (so called); I wouldn't be his majesty, for fear I might be bald. I wouldn't be a sparrow—it wouldn't be much fun to have the noble sportsman come around with dog and gun. Nor yet would be a chicken, 'cos when the mortal coil was shuffled off, my quack might finish in a broil. But if I had to be a bird, I'd be one that was "fly"—I'd be a gay canary, and I will tell you why; because you're treated handsome, and if you only sing, gets cuttle-fish and chickweed, and lots of bally things; and to some charming creature you can breathe your love in song, and warble out your roundelays right to her sweet and strong; she'll call you all the prettiest names—you'll live in her boudoir! Now if you had to be a bird, ain't this worth living for?

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 373.



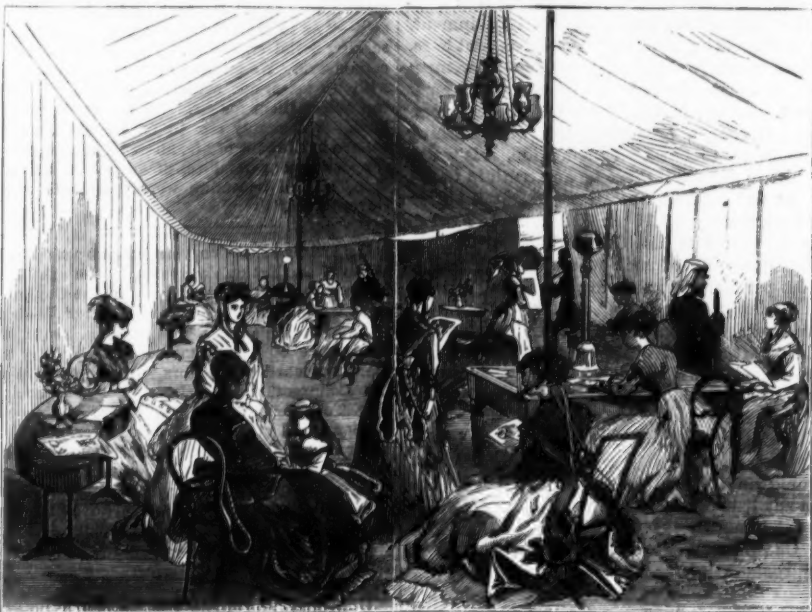
BARGE MATCH ON THE THAMES, OFF GREENHITHE, ENGLAND.



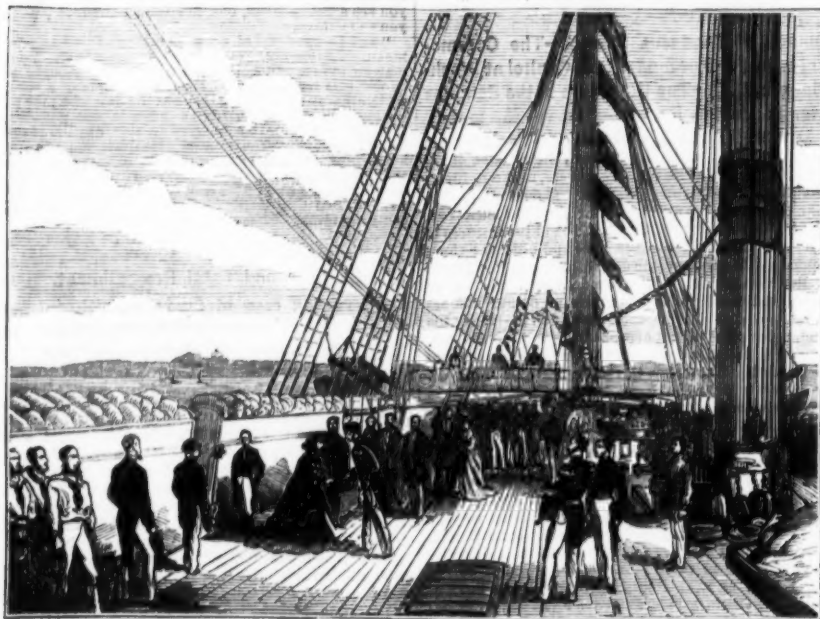
INTERNATIONAL SHOOTING MATCH AT STRASSBURG, FRANCE—THE RETURN TO TOWN BY TORCHLIGHT.



VOLUNTEER CAMP AT WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND.—FORTUNE TELLING.



THE VOLUNTEER CAMP AT WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND—THE LADIES' CLUB.



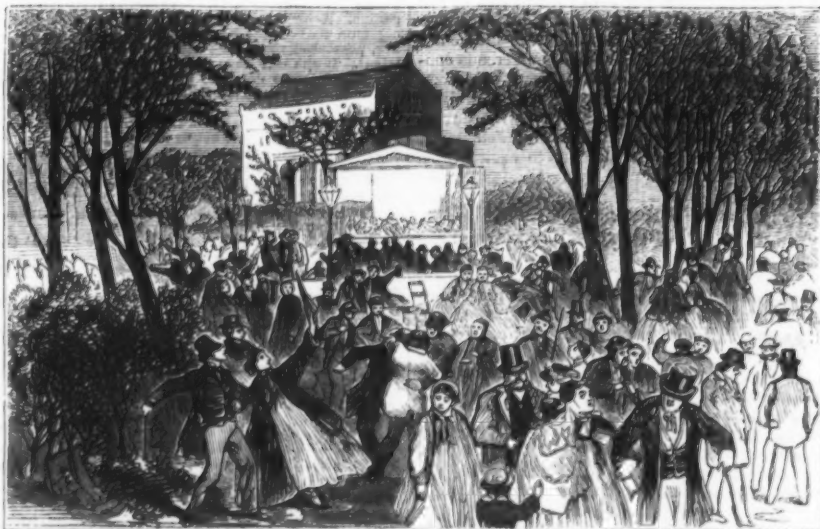
INSPECTION OF H.M.S. GALATEA BY QUEEN VICTORIA, IN OSBORNE BAY, EAST COWES, ENGLAND.



AUSTRIAN PASSENGER STEAMBOAT ON THE BALATON LAKE, HUNGARY.



PRINCE MILANKO OBRENOVITCH TAKING THE OATH BEFORE THE SKUPSTINA (SERBIAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY).



LAGER BEER GARDEN IN BERLIN, PRUSSIA



HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL, OR SALT WATER DAY, AT SOUTH AMBOY, N. J., AUGUST 8TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 375.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Barge Regatta on the Thames, Off Greenwich, England.

On Thursday, 16th of July, the annual regatta of sailing barges was held on the Thames, off Greenwich. There were three classes of vessels in the competition: topsail barges exceeding fifty tons registered burden; topsail barges of less burden; and spritsail barges not above forty-five tons. The highest prizes in the two first classes were cups valued at £18, with £10 10s. given to the crew. The course to be sailed was, as usual, from Erith to the Nore Lightship and back. When beating up, it was surprising to see how smartly they made board after board, literally covering the whole breadth of the river. The *Alexandra* took the first topsail prize; the *Invicta*, the second; the *Bluebell*, the third. *Maria*, first spritsail prize; *Severn*, second; *Defiance*, the third; and the *Excelsior*, the large topsail prize. Mr. Cecil Long, the Commodore, presented the prizes, with appropriate remarks.

The Volunteer Camp at Wimbledon—The Club Tents—Fortune-Telling—The Ladies' Club.

In connection with the rifle-shooting at the Wimbledon Camp, in England, during the month of July, the volunteers had their social gatherings upon Wimbledon Common, the fine summer weather attracting their friends and hosts of visitors to the spot. The Club Room, established several years ago, proved so successful as a means of social enjoyment, that the Council this year opened a "Junior Club," of which none but ladies can be members. A spacious tent, or marquee, was tastefully fitted up and supplied with much of the current literature of the day. In the refreshment booths, and in other tents open to the public, the riflemen enjoyed the privilege of joining their acquaintances in conversation and amusement. Gipsy for tune-tellers and itinerant performers adding their way to the place, added to the picturesque attractions of the camp, which, after the exercises of the day, resembled more an extensive picnic, or *fête-champêtre*, than a military practice-ground.

Inspection of H. M. S. Galatea by Queen Victoria.

On Monday, 13th July, Queen Victoria visited the frigate *Galatea*, commanded by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The frigate was then lying in Osborne Bay, East Cowes. The Queen was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, and the Princess of Leiningen, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting. This goodly company embarked at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, on board the royal yacht *Alberta*, Captain His Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, G. C. B., and proceeded to the *Galatea*, where Her Majesty was received by Captain His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince of Wales was on board, attended by Colonel Kingscote, C. B., and under his escort, the Queen was conducted round the ship, and inspected the ship's company. The royal party remained on board for upward of an hour, and then took their departure in the Duke of Edinburgh's barge, amid the booming of cannon by the ships of war in the harbor.

Prince Milano Obrenovitch Taking the Oath Before the Skoupchtina (Servian National Assembly).

The assassination of Prince Michel has elevated Milano Obrenovitch to the position of reigning prince of Servia. The young prince received from the people and the army the warmest welcome. On the day fixed for the assembling of the Skoupchtina, five hundred and four deputies, elected by universal suffrage, were invited to be in attendance at Topchideré, to proclaim

him Milano Obrenovitch IV. Five hundred and three responded to the call. Only one was absent, and he was sick. Our engraving represents the young prince taking the oath in the great Hall of Deliberations.

International Shooting Match at Strasburg, France.

The Rifle Association of Strasburg was originally organized on the plan of the Vosges Sharpshooters, but has recently been reconstituted as a private society, in

order to avoid being enrolled in the National Guard. This reorganization was made the occasion of a grand festival, twenty-eight societies responding to the call of the committee, some of them French, and others belonging to various nationalities. These assembled to take part in the great international contest, at the shooting-ground of the society at L'île des Epies, opposite Kehl, and near the permanent bridge of the Rhine. An elegant pavilion, decorated with trophies and the prizes, was prepared for the contestants, who for four days increased in number till 700 aspirants were engaged in firing at the ten butts set up for the occasion. The contest established the superiority of the marksmen of Lorraine and the Badois. Our engraving represents the riflemen returning to town by torchlight.

Austrian Passenger Steamboat on the Balaton Lake, Hungary.

Our engraving shows the motley group of people sometimes assembled on the deck of a Balaton lake steamboat, in Hungary. The passengers, gay cockneys of the Austrian metropolis, Magyar farmers or shepherds, and traveling peddlers from the remotest provinces, are mingled in the same narrow space, though not in company with each other. On the left hand we see a party of the peasant women of the district, who have brought a quantity of their vegetables, fruit and poultry, for sale to the stewardess of the vessel.

Lager Bier Gardens in Berlin.

Although we have made considerable progress in this country in cultivating a taste for lager beer, the temples of Gambrinus here cannot compare with the immense and splendid establishments dedicated to the jolly monarch in Vienna, Frankfurt, Munich, and Berlin. Our engraving represents a vast beer garden in the last-named city during the season of Bock Beer. This is simply the March beer, which must be drunk fresh in the spring, and that lasts only a fortnight or three weeks. But during that time, immense crowds assemble to enjoy the beverage, and at night, as the "Bock" has considerable strength, the scene is of the liveliest and noisiest character.

M. M. POMEROY—"Brick Pomeroy."

M. M. POMEROY, Editor of the *La Crosse Democrat*, was born on Christmas day, 1833, at Elmira, New York. Left an orphan when but a few months old, he was brought up by his uncle, S. M. White, on a small farm, in the town of Southport, Chemung Co., N. Y., doing all sorts of farm work, even beyond his strength. Quick, restless, good-natured, he was a favorite at home and the village school, which he attended, in winter, to have fun and write compositions for the other scholars. In the summer he picked berries on the hills, and sold them from door to door in Elmira, eight miles distant from his home, at the "State Line" settlement.

Very poor—little or no education—never studied grammar an hour in his life—a marvelous reader—a close student at Sabbath school and Bible class—his mind early received religious impressions. In 1850, he walked twenty miles with a little bundle on his shoulders, and at Corning, N. Y., began and learned the printing business, in the office of the *Journal*, where he was, while there, the leader of all juvenile mischief companies. He went to Corning at the age of seventeen, and worked in the same office with D. B. Locke, (Petroleum V. Nasby).

In 1853, he started a small job-printing office in Corn-



M. M. POMEROY, "BRICK POMEROY."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDRICKS & CO., N. Y.

ing, and in 1855 sold it, and removed to Athens, Pa., where, for two years, he published the *Athens Gazette*. In 1857, he went to Wisconsin, reaching a county village, in the interior, with less than one dollar, his entire cash capital. He bought some old type and a press, on time, ran the *Horicon Argus* two years, and paid for the office, which sold for \$2,000. Then went to Milwaukee, as City Editor of the *News*, for a year. In 1860, he took hold of the *La Crosse Union and Democrat*, a bankrupt concern. Dropped the name of *Union*, and established the *Democrat*, which at once became noted for its sharp hits and uncompromising Democracy of the ultra kind. The business, for a long time, did not pay. He was offered lucrative positions in the Northern army, if he would agree not to criticize the Administration, which he would not do.

In 1863, he was driven out of the army, where he was as a newspaper writer, for criticizing the Generals there severely.

Mr. Pomeroy has always been a plain, earnest, bold Democrat, consistent and honest; was never an office-seeker, though in Horicon elected Town Treasurer. His office was often in danger of mobs, his life several times attempted, and his paper in "cursing repute" with those who differed with him politically. In 1865, his circulation was less than one hundred and fifty copies a week. Now it is over 300,000, and the income from his paper over a million a year.

Mr. Pomeroy has built the finest printing office in the world at La Crosse, Wis., which city owes its name and reputation to him. His office there is almost a palace, filled with luxuries and curiosities equal to a first-class museum.

He is the sole Editor and Proprietor of the *La Crosse Daily Democrat*, of the *La Crosse Weekly Democrat*, and has just started a Democratic daily in New York, on his own means, with over 20,000 daily circulation to begin with.

Mr. Pomeroy is a bitter hater, a warm friend, a devoted Democrat. He never uses tobacco or liquors, nor profane language in conversation; nor will he retain in his employ any person addicted to drunkenness.

WINIFRED.

SWEET Winifred sits at the cottage door,
The rose and the woodbine shadow it o'er,
And turns to the clear blue summer skies
The clearer blue of her soft young eyes—
Turns to the balmy wind of the south
Her feverish, supplicating mouth,
To ask from Heaven and the sunny glow
The health she lost long, long ago.

The rose on her cheeks is rose too red,
The light in her eyes is lightning upod,
And not the calm and steady ray
Of youth and strength in their opening day;
Her hands are lily-pale and thin,
You can see the blood beneath the skin;
Something hath smitten her to the core,
And she wastes and dwindles evermore.

She thinks, as she sits in the glint o' the sun,
That her race is ended ere well begun,
And turns her luminous eyes aside
To one who asks her to be his bride—
Invisible to all but her,
Her friend, her lover, her worshiper;
Who stretches forth his kindly hand,
And saith what her heart can understand.

"Winifred! Winifred! be thou mine,
Many may woo thee, many may pine,
To win from thy lips the sweet caress,
But thou canst not give it, or answer 'yes';
There is not one amid them all,
To whom if the prize of thyself should fall,
Who would not suffer more cruel pain
Than would ever spring from thy disdain.

"Only to me canst thou be given,
The bridegroom sent to thee from Heaven;
Come to me! Come! Thy dower shall be
The wealth of Immortality.
Eternal youth, perennial joy,
And love that shall never change or cloy;
All shall be thine the hour we wed,
Sweet Winifred! Be thou mine!" he said.

"Take me!" she answered, with faint low breath,
"I know thee well. Thy name is DEATH.
I've looked on thy merciful face too long
To think of thee as a pain or wrong.
I know thou'lt keep thy promise true,
And lead me life's dark portals through.
Up! up! on wings to the starry dome,
Up! up to Heaven! my bridal home."

He laid his hand on her trembling wrist,
Her beautiful, coy, cold lips he kiss'd,
And took her away from sister and brother,
From sorrowing sire and weeping mother;
From all she loved. With a smile she went,
Of peace and patience and sweet content.
'Twas but life's vesture laid in the sod,
'Twas life itself to the throne of God!

CHARLEY'S BET.

"He shall never have a penny," stormed Uncle Bunce; "I will cut him off with a shilling."

"My dear Bunce," said I, "you have already contradicted yourself, in first denying him a penny, and then promising him twelve. I never heard you contradict yourself (although often other people) except when in a passion, and that is not the frame of mind in which to sit down to alter your will."

"Mind your own business, sir, and leave me to manage mine," was the prompt and severe rejoinder.

"Your business is mine, Nicholas," continued I quietly, "since we are partners. We have been friends, boy and man, for those forty years, and I am not going to permit you to quarrel with me."

"Who wants to quarrel?" said Uncle Bunce, peevishly.

"Well, I don't; but I would rather even that should happen, than that my old friend should do himself such an injustice as to condemn a young fellow, who has no other relation in the world, unheard; your own sister's son, George! I am ashamed of you!"

"Unheard? Pack of nonsense," sputtered the old fellow. "The thing's as plain as the nose on your face."

"Thank you," said I. "However, you may say as offensive things as you please about my nose, only, don't be unjust to Charley."

"I am not unjust. The facts are these. I had adopted that boy, and meant to treat him as my own son. He has disgraced himself by betting on a public race-course a sum he had no honest means of paying if he lost—a gambler, sir, and a cheat, that's what he's proved himself; and I'll have nothing more to do with him."

"You had better inquire into the matter a little further, Mr. Bunce," said I, with some distinctness of manner; for I liked Charley upon his own account, as well as because he was the only relative of my friend and partner, one of the most sound-hearted and grossly prejudiced men within a mile of the Royal Exchange.

"There is nothing to be inquired about, Mr. Coe. Even if my late nephew" [it was just like what his flatterers called his "stern determination," to use that phrase; just like his "infernal obstinacy," I say]—"yes, sir, even if my late nephew had had the fifty pounds to pay, which I am sure he had not, I would disinherit him for betting it; and even if he didn't bet, he was on the race-course, and that is a place no nephew of mine should show his face and remain my heir.—There is a letter from our Vienna correspondent, which requires your immediate attention, Mr. Coe."

And with that, Uncle Bunce withdrew himself into the glass-case that is his peculiar sanctum at our office, and slammed the door behind him.

Our firm was Bunce & Coe, and there had been no other member of it, save us two, for five-and-twenty years. We were no relatives (though perhaps not less fast friends upon that account), but I called him Uncle Bunce because Charley did, who, until that unlucky Derby-day, had been as great a favorite of his as of mine; and here were the young fellow's prospects blighted, and the old man's affections left without any human trellis to cling to, all because some ill-natured busybody, who knew Nicholas Bunce's hatred of the turf, had told him that Charley Thornton had bet fifty pounds to ten against Palmyra for the Derby, on Epsom Downs.

I had no greater love for racing, nor perhaps for Charley, than Nicholas had, but I could make a little more allowance for the follies of youth; and when I found myself crossed, or even disobeyed, all the milk of human kindness within me did not instantly turn sour, as it had done in Uncle Bunce's dairy, with the sad effect I have described. He had gone straight to Charley upon the information received, and said:

"Did you go down to Epsom Downs, sir, and bet fifty pounds to ten pounds against a race-horse? Answer me, 'Yes,' or 'No.'"

And Charley—for the boy could not have told a lie if he had tried—had answered: "Yes, uncle;" and there the matter had ended.

So, now, being well convinced that Uncle Bunce was as inflexible as the iron in which we dealt, in his resolve to make no further inquiry into the matter, I determined to make it myself, for both their sakes. I was not very hopeful as to the result of the investigation, but still I thought there might be some mitigating circumstances—for the fact as it stood looked blacker, it seemed to me, than it ought to do, from what I knew of the young fellow. He was not the sort of lad to leave his duties (he was a clerk in a government office) for a scene which he knew was especially distasteful to his uncle and guardian, and there risk upon a single event a sum that was equal to a third of his whole income.

Uncle Bunce and I, it was true, periled a great deal more than that proportion of our property in "operations" in iron, but that was all in the way of business, and it was upon business habits that the old gentleman prided himself, and for which he looked, first of all, in others. That Charley should have shirked his work at the Sword and Gun Office for a day's pleasure, was a sin of itself almost inexplicable in his uncle's eyes; but that he should have spent that day on a race-course, and there betted fifty pounds—the more I looked at the whole matter, in fact, the worst it appeared for my young friend and client, and the less did I wonder at the lines upon Uncle Bunce's forehead as he sat in his cucumber-frame—but by no means as cool as a cucumber—and snapped the clerks up so sharp that they trembled to approach his den.

When he left the office for the day, as he was accustomed to do an hour or so before me, his junior, I did venture to remark:

"Come, Bunce, you will at least not be in a hurry about this matter of poor Charley; perhaps I may have to tell you something about it to-morrow which may cause you to think differently of him."

"You mean well, Coe, and I thank you," said he, gravely. "But I shall see my lawyer to-night, and give him such instructions as will, at all events, prevent my property falling, after my decease, into the hands of the betting-ring."

Stern I had often seen Nicholas Bunce, but bitter never. I was glad to see him bitter, for it was proof that he had been wounded sore, and unless he had dearly loved the lad, Charley's conduct would not have had the power so to wound him. Now, where there has once been Love, there is always room for Reconciliation; and as soon as Uncle Bunce was round the corner, I took a Hansom to the Sword and Gun Office.

It had been arranged long ago that on the next evening my partner and I should dine together at the former's house; and we did so. At one time, Charley had been asked, but that was all over now, of course.

Uncle Bunce had not come to the city that day, and it was evident, by his wearied and melancholy manner, that he had been occupied in something distressing and disagreeable; indeed, I have no doubt that he had been remarking his will. I was not one whit afraid of the old gentleman, but I was resolved to put a good face upon the matter.

"Your good health, Nicholas," said I, as he

pushed the claret to me after dinner, "and Charley's good health."

Uncle Bunce started as if he had been stung.

"I do not wish to have that young man's name mentioned in my hearing," observed he.

"After to-night you shall not hear it, unless you please," said I; "but I must have my say for this once. I told you I should do so, yesterday, and I promised him the same, last night. Then I shall have discharged my conscience; and if you choose to let your nephew go to the dogs, it will be through no omission of mine. I have neither extenuation nor apology to make for him—"

"I should think not," interpolated Uncle Bunce.

"Your thought is founded, however, upon wrong premises, Nicholas. I have neither to make for him, simply because he needs none."

"Needs none!" echoed the old man, and although his tone was meant to be contemptuous, I thought I detected in it an accent of hope.

"I mean what I assert, old friend," replied I, quietly. "The lad has behaved, I will not say 'as any other young man would have behaved in the like circumstances,' for that phrase is often used to excuse an indiscretion, but I will say *this*, and then have done with it: He has behaved as a true gentleman, and (especially) as a good man of business, in the whole matter."

I held up the wine-glass between my eye and the light, and smacked my lips like one who, having relieved his mind, may now afford to enjoy himself.

Uncle Bunce seemed to gasp for air.

"What the deuce—why, you're making a fool of me," exclaimed he, savagely. "Do you mean to tell me he did not go down to the Derby?"

"Of course he did. The government sent him."

"The—government—sent—him?" repeated my respected partner, like one in a dream.

"Just so," said I. "But don't let me trouble you with the particulars of a subject which I see is distasteful to you, and about which you have quite made up your mind. I have now performed my duty in the matter, and there's an end of it. This is good wine. If it's no secret, may I ask what did you give for it a dozen?"

"Fifty pounds. Fifty pounds to ten against Palmyra," muttered the old man. Then: "It's all a lie, Coe," cried he suddenly. "How dare you talk to me about the government sending—"

"Mr. Bunce," interrupted I, firmly, "I will not endure such language. You may be as brutal and unjust as you please to your own flesh and blood, but you shall not bully me. I am not in the habit of telling lies. The fact is this (if you really wish to hear the fact, and not merely to flatter your own preconceived opinions), Charley Thornton could not have avoided— But stop; first answer me one thing. If Messrs. Bar & Bullion had offered you a holiday on the Derby-day, when you were a clerk in their office, upon the condition that you would go and see the race, would you have accepted it, or would you not?"

"Well, I suppose I should," said Uncle Bunce, reluctantly.

"No, you don't; you are *sure* you would; you'd have gone like a shot. Well, that being granted, you and your nephew are in the same boat. The government gave a holiday on the Derby-day to the clerks in the Sword and Gun Office, upon the condition I have mentioned, and all those who availed themselves of the offer pledged their words to use the opportunity as it was intended to be used. If Charley, having obtained his day's leave, had not gone to Epsom Downs, he would have behaved unlike a gentleman. That's clear, I hope."

"The government ought to be ashamed of themselves!" observed Uncle Bunce.

"Very likely: but your nephew is not the government, and, although I hear from the chief of his department a most excellent account of the young fellow, it is not likely he ever will be. Thus, you see, to begin with, so far from shirking his duties to go to the Derby, Charley only obeyed orders—and I have no doubt with great cheerfulness. This is certainly excellent wine."

"Did the government make him bet fifty pounds to ten pounds against Palmyra?" inquired the old gentleman, grimly, after a long silence.

"The government didn't, but the office did," said I; "in this way. There was a Derby sweep got up among the Sword and Gun clerks, as is always the case in every government office; and Charley put in his sovereign like the rest. Perhaps that was wrong of him: but if you never did worse, friend Nicholas, when you were a young man, all I can say is, you were too good to live, and I shouldn't fancy you were ever likely to die of that complaint." I rose, and going to the window that looked out into the quiet street, threw it up, to let in the summer air. "Come, come; you'll forgive his putting into the sweep," said I. "I don't ask you to be generous, but to be just."

"I forgive him that, of course, but for the bet I will not forgive him. How is it possible that the office could have had anything to do with his making a bet which, if he had lost, he could never pay?"

"He won it," said I, quietly; "and it would have been a most unbusiness-like transaction if he had not laid the money. Yes, Mr. Bunce; you have been wrong throughout this matter hitherto, and you are wrong now. I say, that Charley would have shown himself unworthy of being your relative if he had not laid the odds against Palmyra: and I'll prove it. The case was simply this: Charley drew Palmyra in this sovereign sweep, so that, if the mare had won, he would have received (since almost all the clerks subscribed to it) at least one hundred pounds. His obvious duty, then, as a man of business—and not a merely gambling speculator—was to make some portion of the money safe. He, therefore, betted fifty pounds to ten pounds against the mare; if she had won, he would have cleared fifty pounds by the transaction; and as it was, although she lost, the astute young fellow managed to secure ten pounds, minus the sovereign originally invested."

"Ah, that was it, was it?" said Uncle Bunce,

looking, I must say, most uncommonly foolish. "However, you must confess that appearances were much against the lad."

"Not a bit," said I. "On the contrary, they are very much in his favor. Come to the window here, and judge for yourself: there he is, at the corner yonder, waiting for me to whistle for him. Does he look like one of your cunning hang-dog Turfites—such as you have pictured him, or likely to grow into any such horrid shape? Unless he happens to draw a favorite in a sweep a second time—which is not very likely—I will answer for him that he will never make a bet in his life again. Come, sir, you whistle for him;" and Uncle Bunce did whistle, as cheerfully as any blackbird; and as the young fellow ran up, he held his hand out through the open window, to let him know at once that all was explained and forgiven. And then he came indoors, and something which I had caused to be privately kept hot for him down-stairs—for Uncle Bunce's cook loved the lad—was brought up by way of dinner, and Uncle Bunce, and I, and Charley, had a merry evening together after all.

Camp Notes.—Prospecting.

"Bors!" cried Frazer, "here's the health of Mr. B—an' the memory of our philosophic camps on the Indio.—You carry luck with you, sir, I guess, for we've made a fair pile. As to that, I ain't surprised, for I allurs located Ind'an John's claim somewhere round these waters."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"There's not a many about here as would need to ask that question," returned Beasley; "but nary child as couldn't answer it. Ind'an John an' his claim is celebrated from the Gulf to Aspinwall, so as never king, nor saint, nor hero could be run agin him through those parts. He lived down yonder by the lagoon, in a little cane-built hut, hedged about with plantain-trees, and clustered over with scarlet-flowering pepper-vines. Now an' agin, five or six times in the year maybe, just as the old man's stores chanced to last, he'd come paddling down to Greytown with his fists full of dust, which he swapped for powder, an' blankets, an' other plunder. Half a pint or so, he'd barter at a time! No man knew where his claim lay. The old man drank like a whale in a herring-shoal, he did so; but tight or sober, that secret never slipped. An' it cost him his life, as all of us had warned him it must. Maybe it's twelve months since, four Greasers from Segovia followed the old man up the river to his hut. He weren't skeary at first, for many a one had done the same before; but these four accursed skunks they tortured the poor old Ind'an, ay, and his daughter, too, until they died. An' nary a word o' the secret was drawn from them poor creturs, all alone an' broken as they was! Poor things, poor things! Tortured to death in them green an' sunny woods at midday! Not one of us near to answer their cries or to avenge them! There's no grant of heaven I'd pay for more powerful than to meet them four devils in a lonely place—durn 'em!—Pass that bottle, Yank. Thinking of Ind'an John makes me mad!"

"There's a many as believes the claim lay on this side," said Vansten, handing the flask across. "But I'm mostly inclined to locate it Frio way. The old 'possum didn't travel overland all by himself, I guess, not being great things at lion-taming. An' it's just impossible as he could run up and down the coast so many times a year an' never man set eyes on him. He was seen often enough on the Rio San Juan, mind yer!"

"Wall!" said Frazer, meditatively, "it ain't much use guessing. Ind'an John an' his daughter have passed under, an' no living soul has the legacy of their secret. For aught any one can say, that new claim just opened, as I hear, behind Castilo, was the very spot so many folks sought for; an' indeed, to tell the ugly truth, boys, these secret claims are a downright curse to any neighborhood. I don't, an' never could splice ends with them as blow off gas about gold-digging—saying it's plunder easy come an' easy gone, seeking the root of evil, an' other granny talk which han't no meaning. But I say as every prospect should be known an' open. Secret washings tempt men who would otherwise have lived quiet at home in the hole they was shaped for: soft-going raws an' delicate boys with romantic heads, it is as get drawn that way to their ruin. For old diggers, mind yer, who know the risks an' difficulties of their business, don't mostly heed such stories. But let no man tell me as gold-seeking is an evil trade! I sa: the finds in California and Australia have put the world a century on, an' han't spent their steam yet, nor near. But let them dig as knows what they're undertaking—the risk, the hardships, an' the uncertainty—who can stand up straight under fever, an' fighting, an' disappointment? It ain't such as suffer in their heads when folks talk of secret claims—no, sir. It's just them as ain't fited to walk out o' sight of the hospital an' the parish church as get ruined in that madness.—Did I ever know a man who'd made his fortune in 'prospectin'?'—No, sir; not to keep it—if I understand rightly what you mean. There's many a thousand—ay, ten thousand claims which have given fortunes to one man or another, but not to him who prospected them. Gold-mining is different; rich men will go into that business, an' poor men are shut out for want of capital. A good mine, such as there's scores, will pay as quick as one can open ground; but washing is risky, is more open to robbery, and allurs draws round it a crush of rowdies, as double the danger an' difficulty of working. Rich men don't care to stand the worry an' anxiety of river-work—it ain't likely they should; mining's the business for them."

"Why, you see," said Vansten, "take gold-digging where you will—in Europe, Borneo, in Australia, or on this continent—it isn't the folks of the country who put in for it. They find pretty soon that on the whole, one week with another, a man don't earn as much as by fair wages at any

handicraft. In America an' Australia, I know that's the fact; an' I've heard you say it's so in Borneo, Frazer. Digging is a good business for gamblers, because one may pouch a big stake from time to time; but a man is mostly starving while he plays. Look at those washings in Segovia, t'other side of Nicaragua! I once saw a peon trot into Chinandaga, with a belt so heavy he could scarce sit his mule, but there weren't many Greasers such durned fools as to go picking after his "wash-dirt." Several Frenchmen, from Chontales, crowded out o' the town, slick away for the mountains, thinking it was straight travel for Jacob Astor's dinner-table; but a month afterward, they straggled back, worn out with fever, pretty nigh starved, an' carrying barely a quarter the plunder they might have earned at a light wage in the town. Gold-washing, take the year round, don't yield a dollar a day in any country ever I heard of."

"That's thunderin' true, also, what you was saying about secret claims," observed Beasley. "I mind one case well in which such a story caused the destruction of a family as had never before dreamed of gold-seeking. 'Twas out in Sonora. I was quite young at the time, scarce fit to look an' Ind'an in the face without a spyglass; but on that Comanché frontier one learns the whole duty of man right smart. I'd gone into Mexico on a venture of my father's. At a little village called Santa Catarina, the fever struck me down, an' the boys left me there in charge of a Yankee, who was trying a small tobacco planting. A good fellow he were; but his wife, poor thing, she was a right-down female angel. They were happy enough, living in a quiet way, an' contented with small potatoes, until a lot of boys from Santa Fé passed through the village, an' made a camp some three or four miles away. They was sick-full of a secret claim lying somewhere in that neighborhood, which had already given fortunes to two or three diggers they'd met. Mostly the Greasers only laughed; but poor Spielman listened an' listened, an' talked 'prospect' with them, until his head turned yellow, an' all his dreams was double gilt. First, he neglected work, wandering over the hills all day, an' gazing with the diggers; then he bought a bar an' a pan, an' flopped about like the ghost of a murdered dustman; an' his wife was considerable uneasy, you may swear."

"The Ind'an moon came on while I was still at Santa Catarina, an' I didn't like to desert the poor woman then, for the Apaches were out in force. No man who hasn't crossed the Mexican frontier can believe what a time the wretched Greaser folks pass every year when the Ind'ans are on the trail. The Redskins go out, sir, in reg'lar armies, two to five thousand strong, an' they sweep the country like a net. Every year, at the same moon, they cross the desert, an' harry the Greasers deeper an' deeper toward Mexico. The Comanchés an' Pawnees are bold enough in our country; but the Navajos, Pachés, an' Rappahos of Anahwa, are like a swarm of poisonous locusts. No man's life is safe ten yards from the gate of his 'corral,' for there's allurs young braves hanging round for the chance of a scalp, or a white woman or child. They say, in the frontier, that one in three of the Ind'an warriors is now pure white, or rather yellow, an' that one-half of the tribes has civilized blood in their veins, an' I believe it—I do."

"One day, news came in that a big party was marching southward through the valleys, about ten miles away. We thought they wasn't likely to break the trail to harry such a one-horse concern as Santa Catarina—war-parties strike for bigger plunder. But Spielman was out in that direction, an' they'd be sure to lift his scalp if they caught sight of him within a fair distance. The poor woman was dreadful bad. When I volunteered to go look for her husband, she put her arms round my neck, an' cried till she fainted like. When she was quiet agin, I took my rifle an' tracked out."

"Not finding Spielman nor any other of the diggers, nor any Ind'an trails around, I thought all was right, an' crept home agin. About two miles from the village, a big broad track was crossed; all the hoof-prints was unshed, an' the whole was swept as if by a broom. I knew that sign well enough; long-tailed Apache horses had passed by within the last three hours, an' since I left the rancho. Creeping on as craftily as I knew how, an' feeling my scalp-lock from time to time, to see it was in gentlemanly order—as a frontiersman's should be in Ind'an neighborhood—I at last came in view of the village. 'Twas nothing but smoking cinders."

"In an hour or two's time I found all the people, who'd run into the woods and cached there. Not a soul was missing but Spielman, his wife and their two children. I couldn't rest till I'd visited their rancho, though 'twas dang'rous enough to go near the place. The folks tried to prevent me, but I would go. Poor Spielman was lying without his ha'r, among the ashes of the hut, having plainly rushed in after it was burned. Of his wife an' children, there was no sign: they was carried off to the desert, with many a hundred more most-like from other parts. Had the woman not waited for her husband, she might easy have escaped with the other villagers."

"The end of that story is kinder funny. We soon struck the trail of them who had done the deed. They seemed to be about fifty in number, most like a scouting party led by the son or brother of the war-chief. Some thirty of us started in pursuit, counting the Santa Fé diggers. The Pachés traveled gently enough, for they ain't over-used to be followed by Greasers, an' I must own they don't seem much scared when that event do happen. In a bit of 'chapparral,' a shady thicket growing over a ruin, we found them at noon next day. There was no sentinel nor even horse-guard."

"Great thunder!" interrupted Frazer, "we find no such chances on the Texan prairie!"

"Guess Comanchés air better bred if they ain't better born," returned Beasley. "The Rangers

give 'em early instruction in manners an' deportment."

"We formed a circle round the chapparral, an' lotted off a body of men to stampede the horses. That's the dooty yer Greaser likes, an' he does it right well too. Then we sent a yell-skinner up a tree to look what the Ind'ans might be about."

"We took our stations silently. Inside the wood, not a sound could be heard save the stamping of the horses out on the savanna, an' the sleepy chuckle of the parrots. My place was under a big tree, alongside the trail by which the Ind'ans had entered the shade. Through glittering, sun-gilt-leaves in my front, I could see the long crimson shaft of a Paché lance fixed in the ground as a challenge. Scallops of all colors an' lengths hung down motionless along it, mixed with fresh leaves an' gaudy feathers. By the red hand on the top, I knew that the lance must belong to a big chief, a reg'lar 'bijo de Montesuma,' for you must know, boys, the Pachés claim to be of the royal race of Anahwa, an' look on other folk most beautiful dignified. There'll be a tall muss for that bit of timber, I thought, an' I threw an eye over the fixings of my rifle. It was my first Indian fight."

"For two or three minutes there was a stillness that might a'most be felt; then came a crash an' a yell! That durned yell-cuss had fallen from the tree! Quick as a thought the Pachés whooped, then dashed along the trail. 'Tarnal thunder! it'd be hard to tell which of our parties was most scared. I stood like a fool, too startled to use my hands; for, mind you, a Paché Ind'an in war paint, with his arms and his feathers, is a fearsome-looking object to the bravest man, much more to a boy in his teens. I stood just like a statue. The first 'buck' that loped past came full upon me, an' his fierce eyes, surrounded by a broad scarlet ring, glared straight into mine. 'Uph!' he grunted, an' loped past like a brown bar pursued by a grizzly. Another followed; his face was painted blue and red—'Uph!' an' on he went. Every durned mother's son among them Ind'ans grunted in my face as they dashed out, an' I was reg'lar charmed to the spot. Fifty of 'em, boys, by thunder! an' every one said 'Uph!' like a dry machine. Durnation! I thought that procession would never end; but at last, shots began to ring outside, an' I bolted after the Ind'ans."

"As to fight, there were none! The Greasers ran like a broken covey of 'hens,' but they carried off a good sight of horses. I got away safe enough, with a lance-thrust through my thigh; an' we could count scalps pretty even with the Pachés. Four, I think it was, we brought away, an' our party didn't lose more. 'Twasn't the Greasers that took 'em, though."

"And what became of Mrs. Spielman and the children?" I asked.

"Guess they was carried to the Paché villages; an' there they are now, most likely, unless they're dead," answered the Ranger, coolly twisting up a plug. "The boy should be a 'brave' by this time, an' a chief too, I daresay, for white blood allurs gets to the front, even among the Redskins. Some of us might meet him on the prairie any time, yer know, an' I guess he'd have no sentimental objection to raising our scalps: it's the renegades an' the white captives grown up that make the Ind'ans so mischievous. They're a long sight worse than Redskins born."

"Surely it is a dreadful fate for a civilized being to be taken captive by these savages," I said. "Fancy the life this poor woman must have led, ay, is leading, perhaps, at this moment, old, and wretched, and a slave."

Beasley gave me an odd look, and rolled his quid over, but spoke no word.

Then Frazer, after a pause, said slowly:

"To tell the real truth—sinking all Yankee twaddle, I'd say—that depends! I've seen a good many captives ransomed, an' I swar that's a strange sight. There's some—wal, I'll say many—who are kinder mad with joy to escape from the Ind'ans' hands; there's more that cry loud enough to split log-timber, an' gets hysterical; an' there's not a few that cry an' struggle fierce enough—to get back to the Ind'ans. You know, sir, that savage life has its own charm—a charm, as I think, stronger than any our quiet cities can offer. An' women feel that too, when they come within its reach. They love the freedom an' the manliness of Ind'an life; they catch the spirit of its feuds, its hatred of all other peoples. An' there's another point, too, which has its weight—some of the young 'bucks,' whether Pachés, Pawnees, or Comanchés, are eternally handsome! Ay, an' not only that, they are generous an' kindly in their own haughty way. No! I doubt whether all the captives who cry when released are quite glad. An' there's one thing I've noted—a durned lot of 'em are captured over again before long!"

Harvest Home Festival at South Amboy, N. J., August 8th.

FROM the time the fruitful fields of Central and Southern New Jersey were first devoted to agricultural pursuits, the farmers have observed the second Saturday in August as a day for mutual congratulations over the labors of the season. With a favorable winter and an early spring, they were enabled to cut and store their hay, and gather a considerable portion of their grain by that time. At first the staid old settlers enjoyed the day as one allowing a total cessation of work; and the hours were spent in the bestowal of charity, and such innocent amusements as were consistent with the Quaker's ideas of propriety. The Harvest Home Festival of forty years ago more closely resembled the birthday of the head of the family than the combination of those attractions which now draw the bronzed farmers from every portion of Southern Jersey. The place chosen at the earliest times for the festivities was the goodly little town of South Amboy, which has sprung up within sight of one of the most delightful and safe bathing-places in the country; and here, year after year, have the hardworking settlers, with their robust wives and buxom daughters, assembled to celebrate a custom, the origin of which none of the "oldest inhabitants" can describe. With a long, attractive and retired beach, free from under-currents and driv-

ing winds, and a picturesque hill, set pleasantly but a few rods from the water's edge, and covered with a rich carpet of grass, and venerable trees, whose branches, interlacing, form a substantial protection from the showers that are common to the day, a more suitable locality could scarcely have been found. At an early hour of the day, all the roads leading to the beach are filled with pedestrians, and the most singular variety of vehicles. The inhabitants know how to enjoy themselves, and come to the grounds fully prepared for rain or sunshine. In the long array of wagons and carriages, few will commend themselves to notice on the score of unique construction, or beauty of finish; yet they are strong and spacious, and do all the service that is required of them. Beneath the bottom of the conveyances are suspended huge bags of oats and feed for the horses, besides a goodly stock of tin pails, and roomy baskets bearing the materials of a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

Passing singly up a tortuous road, the conveyances reach the summit of the hill; the horses are unloosed, and treated to a bountiful supply of feed and musquitos; the curtains of the vehicle are looped up to admit the air; and the jolly travelers set themselves to work untrving the large pack ges of sponge, and poor man's cake, dishing out the big, fat blackberry pies, and getting the pails and kegs of home-brewed beer and lemonade in a convenient position for use. A great majority of those who participate in the celebration provide themselves with bathing suits, and after undressing in the wagons, or the tents erected for the purpose, start off on a run for the water, where a remarkably animated scene is presented.

The celebration which occurred on Saturday, August 8th, was attended by at least 3,000 persons, and characterized by the utmost good feeling and amusement. The water was somewhat cooler than usual; but it did not deter the hardy Jersey men and women from enjoying a fine salt-water bath. As might be expected from such a congregation, there was no attempt at regularity, or even taste, in the fashion of bathing costumes. Fun, recreation, and healthful exercise were the objects sought, and no glistening or gaudy suits were necessary to secure them. The holiday was kept up at the beach until sundown, when the conveyances were again brought into procession, and headed for home. The evening was spent in social entertainments and balls, and to the last minute of the day no one, save the hotel-keepers, thought of work. All places of business were closed, and the farmers entered into the spirit of the day with as hearty a zest as we do on our national holidays.

The Annual Clambake of the Americus Club, at Indian Point, Near Greenwich, Conn., August 8th.

NO PLACE is more pleasant than the summer resort of the Americus Club, near Greenwich, Conn., and no association better understand the art of social enjoyment. The location of the club-houses is one of the most delightful on Long Island Sound. They have erected three buildings for the accommodation of the members of the organization, numbering over eighty, and these structures are provided with all the accessories to comfort and recreation. They stand on a high point, commanding a fine view of the Sound, the largest building having a large platform extending to the edge of the rocks, beneath which the waves dash in melodious monotony, in chorus with the voices of the cool winds from the sea.

On Saturday, the 8th August, the Club celebrated their annual Clambake, and, with their invited guests, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather, enjoyed a merry time. The bake was superintended by Captain Cole, of Providence, who conducted the arrangements in the most artistic and successful style.

Upon a collection of stones, placed upon the rock, about three cords of wood were piled and fired, burning about five hours, when the stones became thoroughly heated. The clams were then placed upon the stones, and on the bivalves were spread fishes wrapped in canvas, chickens wrapped in brown paper, corn with the husks on, and lobsters. Over all this was thrown the sail of a boat, covered with seaweed, and on this again another canvas. In this way the heat of the stones is retained, and the juices of the meats preserved in all their delicacy and flavor.

We have to thank the Club for their courtesy and hospitality toward our artist, and we trust that on the occasion of the next bake a fair sky will enhance the pleasures of the festival.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

By this time our readers have learned through the columns of the daily newspapers of the cattle plague which has recently been imported to this city and vicinity from the States of Indiana and Illinois. The illness of the animals was at first supposed to be simply a distemper, resulting from the intense hot weather; but the alarming spread of the malady has convinced our veterinary surgeons that the disease is of a type yet unknown. Various theories have been advanced touching the cause and nature of the plague, yet these have been abandoned in the face of others which appeared more reasonable.

A Communipaw gentleman, who is conversant with the cattle business, says that the disease originates spontaneously, where a large number are confined within a small space. The amount of heat which is thrown off by a dozen bullocks is immense, especially when they are confined in cases where the air is close. This heated air, combined with the animals' breath, when taken into the system over and over again, produces the most dangerous results.

A driver of thirty years' experience gives his opinion that the disease always appears when Southern cattle are sent to Northern markets. Many years ago the plague appeared in Tennessee on the introduction of cattle from Florida. The same disease broke out in Missouri when Texan droves were taken thither, and it was only stopped when the importation was prohibited by State laws. While Southern cattle communicate disease, they are seldom afflicted themselves.

Some of the Western drovers make the large ticks found on the animals responsible for the malady. These ticks, or *carapaces*, were introduced by the Texan cattle, and though they do not appear to unfavorably affect those animals—the cattle becoming accustomed to them and caring little for them—yet when introduced into our own more delicate stock are a source of constant annoyance. It is believed that the cattle, in their anxiety to get rid of the irritating creatures, mash them with their teeth or lick them off with their tongues, and thus they are introduced into the stomach, where they act as a poison. It is further claimed that they are taken in with the food where the affected stock shed them in the grazing field; or that they have poisoned the grass by coming in contact with it. Hence the breaking out of the disease where many Texan cattle have been kept.

The earlier symptoms of the disease are not alike in all cattle. Some are first taken with a hacking cough, while in the others the plague appears in sloughing sores about the throat. There is a tendency on the part of the stricken cattle to droop the head and ears, and their movements indicate considerable muscular weakness. The flank draws in, so much so, that in thirty hours the beast will look as though it had been starved for weeks. In which cows one of the first indications is a sudden failure of milk. The bowels are almost always constipated, and the urine resembles bloody brine. A raging fever attends the disease, and the victims suffer loss of flesh faster than by any other distemper. They usually live about four days after the first symptoms, eating, though moderately, the two first days, and losing all appetite on the third.

Fully alive to the dangers attending the slaughtering of diseased animals for our markets, the officers of the Board of Health have labored incessantly, since the earliest information of the approach of the infected herds from the West, to secure the prompt and absolute exclusion of these cattle, and every portion of their flesh from the markets and retailing stores. Telegrams were sent to the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, informing them of the disease, and seeking their official co-operation. These officers responded at once, and have issued strict orders regarding the importation of all cattle to their respective States. The large abattoirs at Communipaw, N. J., and Bergen, N. J., as well as other extensive cattle-yards and slaughtering-houses in this vicinity, have been visited by the health officers, and a rigid examination made of every animal. Those that manifested any premonitory symptoms of the plague were killed, and all fresh animals were quarantined at a safe distance from the well cattle.

On Wednesday, August 13th, Dr. Harris, of the New York Board of Health, Governor Ward, of New Jersey, Professor Stein, Professor Styles, Professor Lutard, of the Veterinary College, and our artist, visited the cattle-yards near Bergen, N. J., for the purpose of still further investigating the plague. Of the five car-loads of Indiana cattle that arrived on Tuesday, three steers were found sick and were slaughtered. One of them was dissected, when the liver was found to be more than twice the ordinary size and weight, very soft, and the vessels yellow; the kidneys were congested, and all the other organs were diseased and in an unnatural state, except the heart. Some of the blood and gall was preserved for microscopic inspection.

Disinfectants have been freely used at the yards and abattoirs, and every precaution taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The New Jersey State Agricultural Society, in whom is invested, by act of Legislature, the power of regulating and passing judgment upon all cattle-yards, pens, and slaughtering-houses in that State, has issued an order prohibiting the importation to the State of all cattle from the States of Illinois, Missouri, and Texas, as well as all diseased cattle from any other State, until further notice.

Drovers and other dealers in meat complain that their sales have fallen off greatly during the last ten days, but we are assured our citizens need have no fear of making their usual purchases, for all the infected beef that has arrived at our stock-yards, and all animals that have given the slightest indication of the disease, have been destroyed by order of the Board of Health.

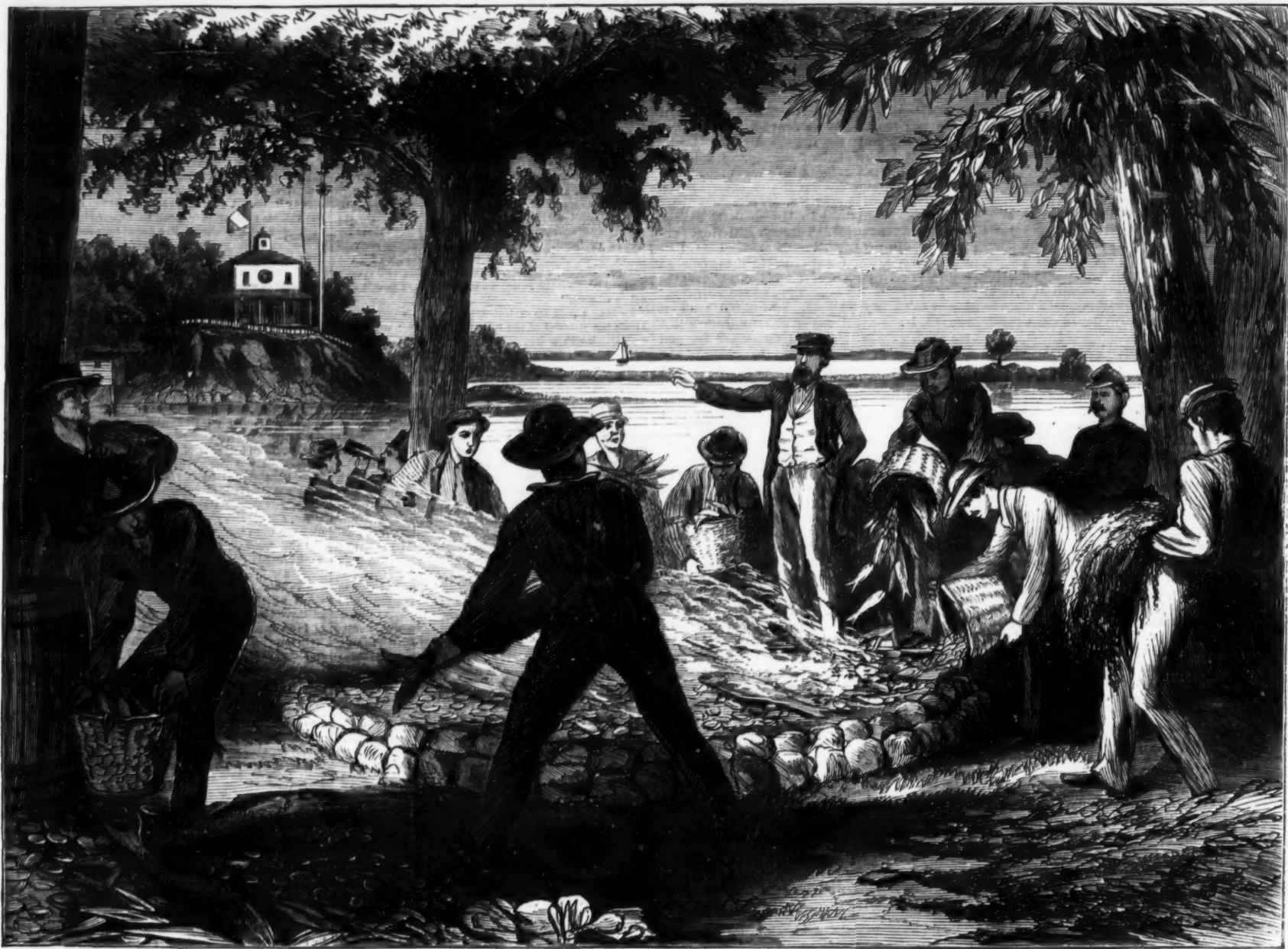
Horses in Battle.

MR. KINGLAKE, in one of the new volumes of "The Invasion of the Crimea," says of horses on the battle-field:

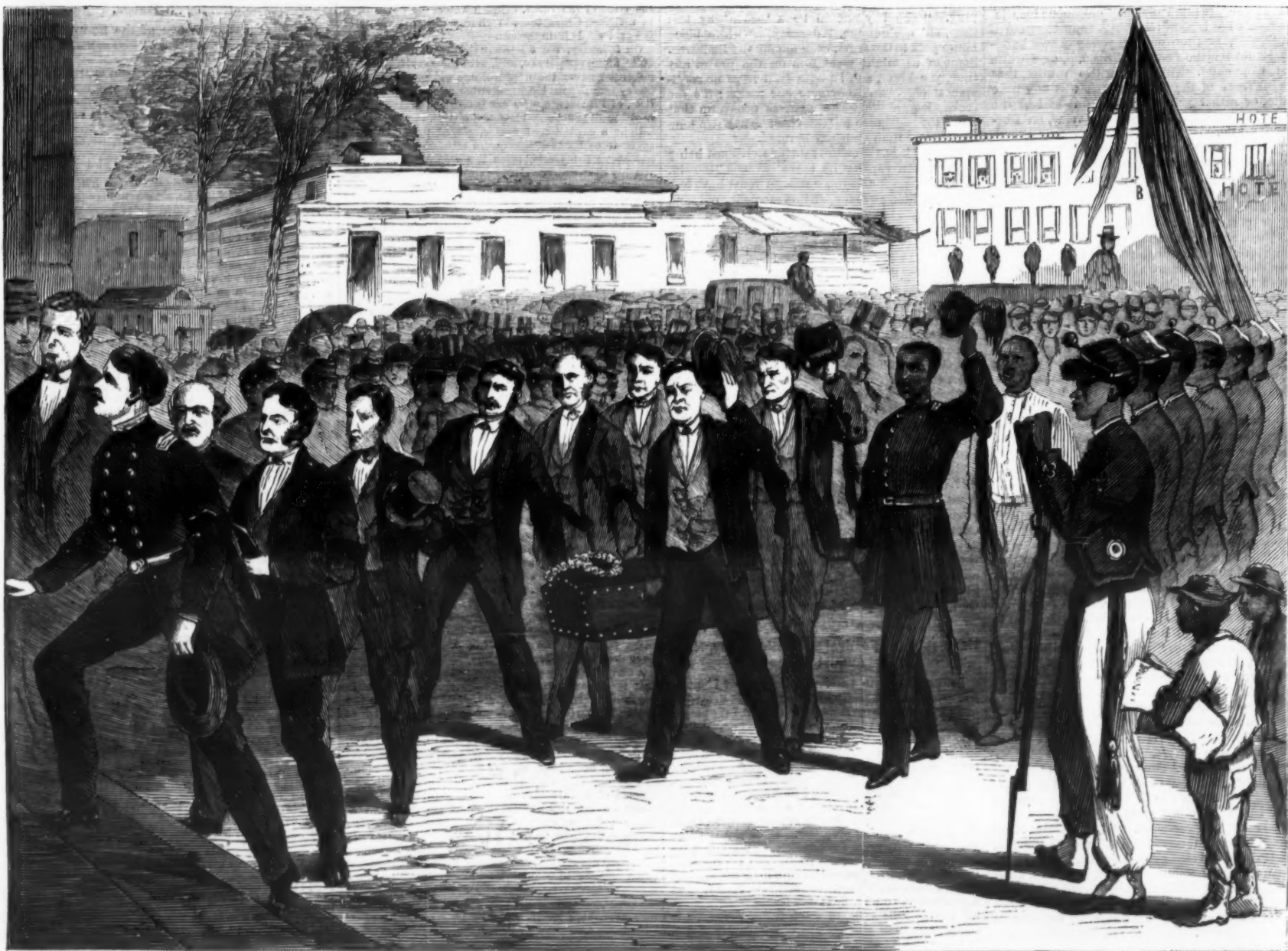
"The extent to which a charger can apprehend the perils of a battle-field may be easily underrated by one who confines his observation to horses still carrying their riders; for as long as a troop-horse in action feels the weight and hand of a master, his deep trust in man keeps him seemingly free from great terror, and he goes through the fight, unless wounded, as though it were a field-day at home; but the moment that death or a disabling wound deprives him of his rider, he seems all at once to learn what a battle is—to perceive its real dangers with the clearness of a human being, and to be agonized with horror of the fate he may incur for want of a hand to guide him. Careless of the mere thunder of guns, he shows plainly enough that he more or less knows the dread accident that is used by missiles of war whilst cutting their way through the air; for as often as these sounds disclose to him the near passage of bullet or round-shot, he shrinks and cringes. His eyeballs protrude; wild with fright, he still does not most commonly gallop home into camp. His instinct seems rather to let him take safety, if any there is for him, must be found in the ranks; and he rushes at the first squadron he can find, urging piteously, yet with violence, that he too by right is a troop-horse; that he too is willing to charge, but not to be left behind; that he must and he will 'fall in.' Sometimes a riderless charger thus bent on aligning with his fellows will not be content to arrange himself on the flank of the line, but dart at some point in the squadron which he seemingly judges to be his own rightful place, and strive to force himself in. Biding, as it is usual for the commander of a regiment to do, some way in advance of his regiment, Lord George Paget was especially tormented and pressed by the riderless horses which chose to turn round and align with him. At one time there were three or four of these horses advancing close abreast of him on one side, and as many as five on the other. Impelled by terror, by gregarious instinct, and by their habit of ranging in the line, they so 'closed' in upon Lord George as to beset him overalls with blood from the gory flanks of the nearest intruders, and oblige him to use his sword."

PIGION ENGLISH. A writer, in commenting upon the manner in which the Chinese speak English, says: Pigeon English is a most amusing dialect—a sort of Celestial baby talk; and one would think that in the time a Chinaman must take to learn it he might as well be learning good English. But all foreigners in Hong Kong must acquire it if they wish to be understood. If a lady would ask the price of any article in a shop, she must inquire "How muchee dollar?" If you would inquire for a gentleman at his house, it is necessary to say to the servant, "Yo masey him ben?" At a dinner-party given by an English merchant in Canton, the host sending an invitation to one of his guests to take a glass of sherry with him, the message as delivered by the Chinese waiter became: "Hi yah!—wantee catches wine long he." "Number one" with them, as with us, expresses the superlative degree of comparison. When taught by the missionaries of the one God, it is very difficult for them to seize the idea that they are required to exclude entirely from their faith the multitude of deities whom they worship; but, supposing that Jehovah claims precedence over the rest, they call him "Number one Josh." A missionary mother was one day somewhat shocked to hear her little girl exclaim to her pagan nurse, during a heavy thunderstorm, "Number one Josh man up inside he talkee much big!"

A YOUTH stopping at a village inn, during a thunderstorm, probably surprised that a new country should have reached such perfection in the meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander, "Why, you have very heavy thunder here!" "Well, yea," replied the man, "we do, considering the number of inhabitants."



ANNUAL CLAMBAKE OF THE AMERICUS CLUB, AT INDIAN POINT, NEAR GREENWICH, CONN., AUGUST 8TH, 1868.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 375.



THE FUNERAL OF THADDEUS STEVENS—ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON THE WAY TO LANCASTER, PA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR. SEE PAGE 371.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE—EXAMINATION OF DISEASED CATTLE BY THE MEMBERS OF THE N. Y. BOARD OF HEALTH, GOV. WARD, OF NEW JERSEY, AND VETERINARY SURGEONS, AT THE ABATTOIRS, NEAR BERGEN, N. J.—PAGE 375



ON THE BALCONY.

THE setting sunbeams lit the sea,
And g'anted down the green hill's sloping,
And from the vine-wreathed balcony
Gleamed golden on the tower's coping.
It touched her dress, and hair, and eyes,
In sudden glory round her rushing,
And—reflex of the rosy skies—
Betrayed her cheek's transcendent blushing.

I took her hand and mused awhile,
If thus should end young Love's first story,
Or if the beauty of her smile
Would gain through love a truer glory;
Then said, "A maid beyond all praise
I love, with love beyond expressing;
She holds her breath a moment's space,
Then spoke for me a marriage blessing.

"We midst see her face—my peerless one?"
Across her brow her light fan fluttered,
And low she answered, looking down,
With trembling in the words she uttered:
"And is she young, and is she fair,
And high in every good relation?
For one, methinks, without compare,
Should grace your heart and home and station."

"Nay, see her picture sweet," I said,
"And judge if love meets true love's measure."
Along the clasp her fingers strayed,
Reluctant for the final pressure;
And then the paleness left her brow,
And smile to blush shone out caressing,
And on our glad betrothal vow
All nature breathed a marriage blessing.

Nathalie Oginska.

"Oh, mamma! how beautiful everything is this evening!" cried Lillian, almost flinging herself into her mother's arms, in a torrent of girlish excitement and delight. "Oh, mamma, I am so happy! I am too happy, I think; for I am sure I do not deserve to be so blessed!"

"Dear child! how glad I am that you are so blessed!" said Mrs. May, putting back the girl's curly hair, and looking into her lovely little face tenderly. "It makes me forget all my own sorrow, and feel nearly as light-hearted as yourself when I see you glad and joyous, Lily!"

Yet she sighed, though she spoke so cheerily; for she thought of the time when life was as bright, and love as dear, and sorrow looked as impossible to her as to her daughter now; but that mournful widow's cap of hers was evidence enough of the shipwreck of joy which the cruel years had brought her.

"That's right, dearest mamma!" cried Lillian, in a clear, high-pitched voice—a voice that would have been unpleasantly shrill but for the sweetness of its ring. "You know it does no good to be mopey and down-hearted—does it, now? and I am sure we have a great deal to make us happy: though it is not as it used to be in poor papa's time," she added, with a softened accent; "but then we had nothing to make us unhappy, which is just the difference. Still, mamma darling, we ought to be thankful for what we have; for we are not so badly off in any way."

Her mother smiled. The philosophy of the young, happy in their love and elated with hope, is so easy to compass—it sits so lightly, is so graceful and unconscious, and, above all, is so infectious, that none save those whom sorrow has hardened, or disappointment soured too deeply for any sympathy beyond themselves, can refuse to receive it. It was infectious now with Mrs. May, who was neither hardened nor soured; for her face was full of smiling, as she replied:

"Well! and we are happy, my child. You, because of Godfrey, and I because of you."

Lillian blushed a little—not much—and looking up from under the curly tangles falling over her forehead and into her eyes, after the manner of a brown-haired Skye, said coaxingly:

"And not I because of you, mamma? Are you nothing to me now, because I am engaged to Cousin Godfrey?"

"A little," answered her mother playfully. "Not quite so much as Godfrey, but still a little."

"Oh! we will not bring out the weights and measures like that," said Lillian, flinging up her voice. "I declare you are as bad as those dreadful Tables—two Godfreys, one mamma!"

"Only that it is the other way, my dear," put in her mother, quietly.

And then they both laughed in concert, neither having much knowledge of dignity, though both, much capacity for love and laughter; even Mrs. May retaining her ready smiles, for all the mournfulness of that widow's cap of hers, and Lillian like a sunbeam incorporate, and very vocal.

Everything about them at this moment bore the same impress of happiness and untroubled joy. The golden evening sun was pouring, bright and warm, into the pretty cottage room, which, crowded with flowers and girlish trifles, and lightened by multitudinous draperies of white muslin and gay chintzes, was the perfection of an English country home; the birds were singing in the shrubberies round the lawn, and the sweet scents of flowers and new-mown hay flowed in with the songs, like a symphony to a voice; frisking with the tassel of the blind, a kitten, in the prettiest moment of kittenhood, carried out the sentiment of the life and animation pervading the scene; while a small French poodle, unshaven, white, and fluffy, rolled about Lillian's feet, like a larger kind of cotton-ball endowed with voluntary motion. It was a hearse, a cheery scene altogether; and if the nature it emblemized were less than heroic, at least they were loving, bright, and innocent; and what man need ask for more?

They were both still laughing at mamma's quiet conceit, when a loud knock came to the door, and a man's feet were heard stamping in a lordly way upon the doorstep. Upon which Lillian rushed

tumultuously from the room, and a moment after—her rosy lips very wide apart, her eyes as bright as sapphires in the sunshine, her flying ends of curly hair streaming in all directions from her face—was noisily, if lovingly, welcoming a tall, grave, handsome man, some years older than herself; much as she might have done, had she been the kitten in the window, just translated to girlhood. This was Godfrey Thurnam, her cousin once removed, to whom she was engaged.

The contrast of type between the lovers was very striking; but perhaps with all the better prospect in consequence, if, as some say, contrasts are *rigent*, and not discords, and the more unlike the two halves, the more chance there is of a perfect whole. If that doctrine is true, Godfrey and Lillian had a good outlook, for they stood at the opposite poles of the great human magnet, with almost as little mental as physical resemblance between them. He, a reserved, haughty man, with a history in the past which no one had ever fathomed; and she, candid as a child, and knowing no more of the realities of life than she did of Hebrew or algebra; he tall, dark—the next step would have been swarthy—and of singular bodily strength; and she, a brown-haired, blue-eyed fairy, not much above the size and weight of a full-grown girl of twelve; he, lordly, imperious, intense, with a will of iron, and a hand of steel; and she, plastic and humble, for all her saucy play; he, a man of gloomy thought and strong passions, if curbed by that stronger will; and she, as incapable of the deeper emotions as she was of crime; he, self-conscious and bitter, molded in the sternest tragic form; and she, only loving and devoted. Could anything have been much more unlike than they? and were they not truly the opposite poles of the great human magnet? However, like or unlike, they loved each other; else why were they engaged?—and so the main point was secure, whatever else might look amiss.

But Cousin Godfrey, always somewhat tyrannous, and ruling with more force than fondness, was by no means a demonstrative lover, and did not go out of his way to show much of either tenderness or respect to his little maid. He had taken her to himself in his most imperious manner, and troubled himself but little about the rest. When, two months ago, he one day suddenly demanded that she would regard him as a lover, no longer as only a cousin, it did not occur to him as possible that she might refuse; and in all probability, if he ever came to wish that she should love him no more, he would not imagine that she could object. He thought he did her quite honor enough in taking her at all; her only part being submission and gratitude. Lillian, and such as Lillian, had no more right to themselves, in Godfrey Thurnam's social creed, than have the lambs in the meadows, or the birds in the bushes. They were the natural property of others, and what happiness they possessed was a grace bestowed, not a right asserted. He did not think this of all women, perhaps; and some might have been found to whom he would have rendered homage as humble as that which he now exacted. Enough for our present purpose that Lillian was not of this number; and that while he humored her in his own way, he tyrannized over her unmercifully, making her something between a doll and a slave.

The great contrast between the two never showed more strongly than this evening, when, to what cause soever it might be owing, Lillian was wild with gaiety and Godfrey was graver even than usual, more thoughtful, and more depressed. But Lillian, never too observant, and to-day carried away by the innocent tumult of her blood, saw nothing amiss; and if her mother did, she did not speak; Mrs. May having that rare faculty of keeping silent on unpleasant topics.

While watching the girl as she sat in a low chair near him, dressing innumerable wooden dolls for a fancy fair, about to be held at Corhampton, Godfrey said rather suddenly:

"By-the-by, I have been seeing something of the Countess Oginska lately."

"What! the new lady at Dovesnest?" asked Mrs. May.

"Just so," returned Godfrey, curtly.

"And what is she like?" asked Lillian, settling her doll's fountains. "We have heard nothing of her from any one."

"I can scarcely tell you; I am a bad hand at describing women's faces," answered Godfrey. "She is very lovely, if that is what you want to know."

"But what kind of beauty?" persisted the girl. "What is the color of her hair and eyes? and is she tall or short? and can she speak English to be understood? and how does she dress?"

"Let me see; how shall I begin? how shall I describe her?" said Godfrey, with an amount of complaisance marvelous for him, though he did not speak over readily, and as if he was putting a force on himself to speak at all. "She is tall; pale; fair hair, but dark eyes and eyebrows; graceful; slight; and with the most musical voice I have ever heard—a low, sweet, tender voice, not like some one's I know of. Eh, Lillian?" touching her shoulder lightly—Lillian answering back the sarcasm, which was not so purely playful as it strove to appear, with one of her brilliant and most ear-piercing laughs, at which Godfrey visibly shuddered.

"She has the manners of one accustomed to good society," he went on to say; "those peculiarly refined manners which nothing but much intercourse with good society ever gives; and altogether she is a very striking person. I do not know that I can say more."

And he drew his breath, as a man released from a strain.

"What a beauty she must be!" said Lillian, ardently. "Mamma, we must go and call upon her."

Godfrey lifted up a brightened face. While describing the new-comer, he had been looking

down, fighting with a rebellious sleeve-link, but now he looked up and smiled, and said, quickly:

"Thank you, dear little Lily; that will be very kind, and I shall be much gratified."

Then he turned the conversation; and both Lillian and her mother noticed, and spoke of it to each other afterward, how bright and lively he was this evening and in what strangely good spirits for him. And then Lillian cried, gayly:

"Oh! you shall see, mamma, how happy I will make him when I am really married to him! He wants some one to rouse him, and not let him get mopey ('mopey' was Lillian's favorite word of horror), that is all; and I will never let him be dull—that I can assure him; at least not if I can help it," she added, a little reflectively. "But I think I can help it; don't you, mamma? I think I shall suit him, and that he will be happy with me; don't you?"

She looked up into her mother's face a little anxiously, as if not quite so certain of the event as she was positive in speech; and her mother said:

"Yes, I do, my darling;" thinking, indeed, that no one could be anything but happy in the society of "airy, fairy Lillian," as her friends used to call her, to her supreme displeasure, when in a majestic mood, which did sometimes happen, if rarely.

Soon after this, Mrs. May and her daughter drove over to Dovesnest, to pay their first visit to the Countess Nathalie Oginska, the latest arrival at Corhampton, and already known as the loveliest woman for miles around.

They found her, as Godfrey and common report both said, a wonderfully beautiful woman, of a kind seldom seen in England, and never save among women of the highest class both by blood and nature; but not uncommon among the Poles. Her eyes were large, deeply set and lustrous; so darkly brown as to be almost black; soft and mournful in expression, and softened still more by the sweeping lashes, which gave them that bedewed and starry look, held to be the ultimate perfection of a woman's eyes. Her hair was very light, and glittered as if of gold; she was tall and slight, exceedingly graceful, and she had a touching guise of sadness, as one who had suffered much, but whose sorrows had brought her only increased loveliness and purification of mind and body, in nowise ageing, hardening, or impoverishing. She was dressed in a flowing, dark-blue silken robe—it was nothing so commonplace as a gown—about which fell a low garment of that amorphous kind which expresses everything that is beautiful, yet is no named garment known to man. No court newsmen could have described her dress, even with the help of the cleverest milliner in Paris, yet no court lady would have been clad as richly or effectively. She spoke English very fluently, with a sweet and delicate accent, and her voice was like music—the most melodious and the most plaintive that could be heard from human lips.

A little girl was with her; a creature like herself; with the same golden glitter in her hair, the same dark starry eyes, the same soft, gentle voice, and with much the same plaintive sweetness of manner; a most lovely creature, looking all astray in this great world of human life, as if she had left her little lover behind her in heaven, and was waiting until she could be carried back to him again. This was Vanda, "my daughter," as the countess was fond of calling her; and if Vanda had turned into an angel as she stood there in the summer sunshine, no one would have been much astonished at the sprouting of her wings. She was a child of whom most predicted the early death; not because she looked unhealthy, but because she was so lovely and with such a strange mournfulness of face. Neither mother nor child looked as if joy had formed part of their inheritance from life; but both seemed born to suffer—to love, and to be loved, yet to find no happiness in either. Have we not all seen creatures like to them, consecrated from the beginning to beauty and to sorrow?

The countess received her guests with that gentle stateliness which sat so well upon her, and which stole more deeply into the heart than a manner of warmer color and more demonstrativeness would have done. She thanked them for their kindness in coming to see her; and her thanks had in them something of the grace of a queen discredited, but none the less a queen—the courtesy of the superior not afraid of acknowledgment. Mrs. May and Lillian felt dwarfed and vulgarized in this so sweet and stately presence; yet attracted and fascinated as they had never been before: while she, on her side, told them in her low and musical voice, that she was charmed with them, and how happy she was to make their acquaintance. She had heard a great deal of them, she said, turning her starry eyes slowly upon Lillian, and now she was delighted to see for herself how true was all she had heard, and what happiness lay in the future for her dear old friend Godfrey.

"You knew him before you came to Corhampton?" asked Mrs. May, in a tone of surprise.

To which Nathalie, bending her lovely neck, said, quietly:

"Yes; I knew him in Switzerland seven years ago; my daughter is six now, and we were then, and I trust still are—"smiling—"very good and true friends."

"We did not know that," said Mrs. May.

"No! yet why could Godfrey have concealed it? It must one day become known," said Nathalie, in a strangely musing and perplexed kind of manner.

Lillian felt a sudden pain pass through her heart—a sudden, sharp, bewildering pain, never felt before, and not understood now—that almost stopped her breath, and did for a moment quite blind her eyes.

"You are not vexed with me, mademoiselle?" said Nathalie, bending toward the girl with infinite grace, yet with more watchfulness than sympathy in her starlike eyes.

"Vexed? No! why should I be vexed?" asked Lillian, with a forced smile. "How could I be vexed—and at what?"

"I did not know," returned Nathalie, and changed the conversation.

"Mamma, what did the Countess Oginska mean by my being vexed with her?" asked Lillian suddenly, as they were going home.

"I do not know, my dear; perhaps she did not use the right word," answered her mother. "You were very pale just at that moment, and looked as if you were going to cry."

"I felt as if I was," said Lillian, simply. "I felt so strange altogether! I wonder why Godfrey spoke of her as a stranger, when he had known her so long ago?" she continued, with a disturbed air.

"I do not know, my dear," said Mrs. May. "I do not suppose he willfully misled us; he is always reticent, you know, and perhaps he forgot, or thought it a circumstance of no importance."

"Perhaps!" said little Lillian, gravely.

When she next saw Godfrey, she said to him:

"Why did you not tell us, Cousin Godfrey, that you knew the Countess Oginska seven years ago?" and she said it hastily, almost pettishly, for the first time in her life speaking to her lover in a displeased tone of voice.

Godfrey looked at her haughtily.

"I am not quite the person to submit to a cross-examination as to what I do and what I do not do," he answered, idly. And Lillian dared say no more.

Her poor little bolts were very weak, very badly shot, and very easily turned aside, and took no more effect on Godfrey than so much thistle-down floating in the air. To mark his disapprobation of her presumption, he said but a very short time to-day, occupying himself chiefly in pulling Flo's ears; and when he left, he told her that he was going to be very busy—he did not say about what—and that she need not therefore expect him for a day or two. And he went away without kissing her. So Lillian said to herself she would never attempt to cross-question Cousin Godfrey again, or to find fault with him, whatever he did. The very lesson he intended her to learn.

After this the Mays began to see a good deal of the Countess Oginska, or "Nathalie," as she soon entreated them to call her; and, of all the people in Corhampton, they were those whom she singled out for her especial friendship, and in whose society she seemed to take most delight. And if the Countess Nathalie Oginska chose to hold out her hand, was there a living soul capable of refusing it? Assuredly not Lillian May, nor yet her mother, nor yet Godfrey Thurnam. But the people in the neighborhood shook their heads and prophesied no good of the friendship. And some said that rival beauties were dangerous, even though they were married; and all, that the beauty of the Countess Nathalie was of a more than ordinarily dangerous kind, while "little Lillian May was all very well, you know—a nice little girl enough, pretty and affectionate, and all that, but bless your soul! not to be named on the same day with that magnificent creature, who looked more like a princess in disguise than anything else!" Still, the intimacy went on, partly because Godfrey wished it—(he was always bringing the countess to the Mays, or taking Lillian to her; indeed, the girl never saw him alone now—had never seen him alone since that fatal day when she threw an accent of displeasure into her high-pitched voice, and dared to question his good pleasure)—and it went on partly because the countess chose it. And soon Lillian and her mother were as entirely subjugated as if Nathalie had been an enchantress, and they, the victims, delivered over to her spells. They loved her with a kind of blind enthusiasm; and she—well, she said she loved them.

If she did, there was one who did not, and this was old Olga, little Vanda's nurse. But then Olga liked none of "these English infidels," as she called them, not even Godfrey, whom yet she admired in spite of herself, and of whom she was a trifle afraid. She was a coarse, hard-featured, repulsive old crone, and no one could understand the power she seemed to have over her highborn mistress. For Nathalie evidently feared her, and paid her more respect and obedience, too, than she received; though she used to speak of her slightly enough in her absence, and was always the first to ridicule her "odd ways" when she was not by to hear, and to encourage her friends "not to mind her." Which made the whole thing more strange, elevating it indeed almost to the rank of a mystery.

Of her husband, the Count Michael, Nathalie rarely spoke. He was in some government office in Russia; and by what Olga said, was a man of high rank and great importance. He had sent his wife to England by the advice of her physicians, for change of air and scene; and he intended to join her so soon as the onerous duties of his employ would allow. He was a grand fellow, according to the old nurse, who was never tired of repeating his praises; but with the wife there was evidently something in the background which chilled her words, if not her heart, though no one understood what it was, save, perhaps, Olga, who seemed to know worlds of mysteries. But she was a woman who could keep her own counsel to the last, and she had good reason to do so.

Matters had not been going well with Godfrey and Lillian of late, though it would have puzzled any one to say where the real hitch was, and what had gone wrong. Lillian did not know, neither did her mother; if Godfrey did, he did not speak; but the result was clear to all—the brightness of their lives was dimmed, and the wholeness of their love broken—if, indeed, it had ever been unbroken love with one of them! Godfrey was moody, irritable, capricious, and tears were often in Lillian's eyes now; always indeed when they were together, for he was harsh to her and unjust, carping and fault-finding to a marvelous extent. Nothing that she did pleased him, and nothing that she said. Her dress, her manners, her voice—that unlucky voice!—all her works and ways, in short, annoyed and irritated him; and the more she strove to reform what he complained of, the more peevish and unjust he became, till Lillian grew a little bewildered as well as nervous, and then she did worse than over.

The countess used sometimes to see how crossly things were going between the two lovers, and would try to put them straight; but her interference generally ended somehow in Lillian's greater discontent; so that she did more harm than good, however kindly her intentions. Whereupon she would remonstrate with Godfrey on the inutilty of his displeasure with one so young and weak, exhorting him to have forbearance—he so much the nobler and stronger—with a creature of Lillian's inexperience, and simple childishness of nature.

"That is just the thing that so worries me!" cried Godfrey, one day, when she was speaking to him thus, in her sweet, low voice, tenderly. "Her childishness is positively afflicting; Nathalie; it humiliates me, it disgusts me! You are right, she is a mere child—a toy—a plaything—she is no wife for a manly man!"

Nathalie looked at him mournfully.

"You have made a mistake, dear friend," she said, "but you must abide by it."

"I am not married yet," remarked Godfrey, gloomily.

She sighed deeply.

"And I am," she murmured mournfully.

Godfrey started up.

"You need not remind me of my misery—of the eternal separation between us!" he exclaimed, pacing the room.

The large lustrous eyes looked after him as he strode through and through that narrow space, like a wild beast in his den.

"Was it my fault, or my sorrow, that I was left to this, or worse?" she asked, gently.

"Nathalie! my Nathalie! do not reproach me! Would that I had died before I had left you!" cried Godfrey, as he came and sat down by her, turning his haggard face in dumb misery to hers.

"Foolish boy!" she said, bending toward him with that manner of mingled tenderness and regret which lures and repels at once, suggesting a whole world of latent love, yet allowing no confession, making men half mad with passion, yet reverent with worship; the manner which, of all that women possess, is the most potent and the most attractive. "Foolish boy!" she repeated, laying her hand caressingly on his, "like all the rest, blinded by your fancy, and waking up only when too late!"

"It is not too late!" returned Godfrey, "and it is better to wake before dreams become realities."

"That is for you alone to decide," said Nathalie, raising her eyes with a sudden flash in them. Then she cast them down, as if oppressed, and sat with pallid lips, listening.

"Will you come with me, Nathalie?" asked Godfrey, in a low voice.

"How can I?" she answered sadly. "Olga watches me, and he is even now on his way to join us. How can I go with you?"

Godfrey covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, that I had never left you, Nathalie!" he cried; "that I had braved all, and neglected all from the beginning, and made you mine by law, as you were already mine by love! and yet a dying mother seemed reason enough for a temporary separation, Nathalie! But would that I had remained in spite of everything, or had dared to take you away with me from them all!"

"Would that you had!" said Nathalie, placing her hand in his. "A love such as ours, Godfrey, should never have known break or sorrow!"

At this moment Lillian, who had left the room to hide the tears which some harshness of Godfrey's had brought to her eyes, came back, looking like a penitent child, half-tearful, half-caressing, and looking truly very lovely; but so little in accord with the deeper tragedy of passion surging up between these two! It was painful to them all, like a scherzo movement in the midst of a De profundis, and even Lillian herself felt the discord she created, without understanding how it was, or why.

"Come here, child," the countess said; "Godfrey has forgiven you—have you not, my friend? And now you must be a good child, and not vex him again. Do you not know, Lillian," she continued, in her low, sweet voice, "that the duty of woman is to be gentle, and patient, and loving, and not wild and irritating?"

"I did not know that I was wild and irritating," cried Lillian, in her ringing voice. "I always try to do as Cousin Godfrey tells me, but he never seems to be satisfied with me now, and the more I try to please him, the less I do so."

"There, there, say no more about it!" cried Godfrey, sharply.

Lillian's voice had always tried his nerves a little, but now, in contrast with Nathalie's flow of music, it sounded as barbarous to him as a toy trumpet after a silver flute. "You can never let things alone, Lillian," he continued, irritably; "you have none of the wisdom of silence and reserve, so essential to a woman. There, now keep quiet, pray—for Lillian was about to speak—and, countess, will you sing that romance you sang last night—Was bist du, Liebe?"

"Willingly," she said, going to the piano with her stately grace; where, seating herself, she sang the song which Godfrey had first heard on the lake of Lucerne, seven years ago now; and which had troubled his peace then, but was troubling it still more now.

While she sang, and while Godfrey listened, sitting on the sofa with his arms folded, his eyes fixed, and his brow painfully knit, Lillian went up to him timidly, and sliding her hand into his, said, with a pretty penitent and caressing air, "I wish I could sing like Nathalie, Cousin Godfrey, and then you would like me better."

"I wish you could," he answered, coldly; "but your voice is too shrill and harsh for music. Nathalie's is music in itself."

And again the tears sprang into the girl's eyes, less at the depreciation of herself than at the contrast.

"I am a brute!" said Godfrey, as he took her face between his hands, and kissed her forehead hastily.

Nathalie glanced at them over her shoulder; her pale face paler than the ivory keys beneath her fingers. Then her voice seemed to fail her, for her lips quivered, and she sang false; and after a few ineffectual efforts to recover herself, she rose from the piano, and said she could sing no more to-day, speaking with glacial dignity, and holding herself aloof in displeasure. And Godfrey's whole being thrilled at that cold and jealous anger. And yet, what good could possibly come of it? Was she not married? and was not Olga watching? and was not that dreaded Michael on his road homeward? and was not Lillian sitting there before him, his affianced bride? What good, indeed!—None, save what is to be got out of despair and dishonor!

It was in the bright summer time when all this ground-swell of love, and suffering, and wrongdoing was heaving at Corhampton; and it was evident to the most superficial of those who saw what was passing, that there must soon be an outbreak, and, perhaps, a deeper tragedy than is often seen in English middle class life. The neighborhood was beginning to speak of Godfrey and the Countess Oginetska, and to couple their names in unseparable union together; while, had the Mayes had any other male relative than himself, the thing would soon have been brought to an issue on their side. But as it was, they were so entirely helpless, that Godfrey had it all his own way with them; and a bad way it was. But the crisis must soon come now, for in a month's time Godfrey and Lillian were to be married; and Michael might be expected daily, as Olga said, looking at Godfrey out of her small red eyes, sideways.

They had got up an excursion, to-day: Lillian and her mother, Godfrey, Nathalie, the child, and Olga; they were to row down the river to Ferney Point, where the woods were thicker and the wild flowers more luxuriant than elsewhere, and there they were to ramble for an hour or two, under pretense of botanizing, then home to Nathalie's for tea. They often made these excursions, though, indeed, they were not very amusing to Lillian or

her mother—to the one of whom was invariably assigned little Vanda, to the other, old Olga. But, for all that Olga was chronically savage, and never aught but ill-tempered and ill-conditioned, yet Mrs. May found some kind of amusement in making her speak of her own country, and of the pleasant ways she had left behind her in that land of samovars and the stick, for the barbarisms of this infidel land. Olga never wearied of abusing the English. A good Greek and a patriotic Russian, on whom Sebastopol had told, she was inexorable toward these "English pigs of Lutherans," to whom she ascribed, by some mysterious process of reasoning known only to herself, all the miseries and the misfortunes of Europe. "The devil's right hand!" she would say, flicking her finger and thumb, like a dull castanet; sometimes they were both his hands together. To-day they were his hands and feet, and heart, and lungs, and brain; for, being in a bad humor, and bilious, she was more spiteful even than usual.

They rowed down the river tranquilly and uneventfully enough, and in time came to Ferney Point, where they landed, as agreed on. At first, all keeping together, but by degrees "opening out," Godfrey taking Nathalie, who was delicate and needed especial care; Lillian and the child wandering into the depths of the wood; while Olga and Mrs. May remained by the boat, neither caring much for lengthened rambles. So, wandering onward, Godfrey and Nathalie were soon out of sight, as were Vanda and Lillian, and only the two elder women remained in the open: when a dark, thickest, travel-stained man came leisurely up to them, and without a word of greeting apparently, without a caress or a salute passing between them, spoke a few words to Olga in an unknown tongue; then plunged into the wood.

Lillian and Vanda were sitting under the shadow of a large oak-tree, Lillian making a daisy-chain for the child, while the little one talked in the earnest way that belonged to her, more as if she had been a spirit-child than a human one. Suddenly she broke off her questions about the angels, and what heaven was like, and where it was, and why could we see nothing of all this hidden glory, and said, in a disturbed manner, "When Michael comes, we shall go back to Russia. I heard Olga say so to mamma, yesterday, when she was scolding her."

"Olga scolding mamma!" cried Lillian, in surprise.

"Oh, yes! she often scolds her, and calls her naughty names," the child answered; "and if mamma does anything to vex her, she gets very angry, and threatens to have her beaten when Michael comes back. Olga is mistress," continued little Vanda, mysteriously; "mamma dresses the best, and goes out to great houses, and Olga is called her servant before people, but she is Olga's servant at home, and when no one is there. She is Michael's, too; and Olga orders Michael. Mamma does not love Michael; nor do I."

"But is not Michael, as you call him, your papa?" asked Lillian, more and more surprised.

"Oh, no! my papa was an Englishman," answered Vanda, shaking her lovely head. "Michael is mamma's husband, but not my papa. I don't know who my papa was; they never say; though I hear them talking—mamma and Olga—when I am in bed and they think I am asleep. But I am not. I like to listen to them. They say such funny things, almost like a fairy tale; and no one seems to know anything but me."

"Then you must not tell me," said Lillian; "they would not like it."

"No," said Vanda, composedly; "they would beat me if they knew—at least, Olga would: mamma would not. Olga boxed mamma's face last night about Godfrey."

Lillian's cheeks flushed.

"She said that mamma liked him better than she did Michael, and that it was very wicked of her, and she would tell Michael when he came home; and tell him to kill Godfrey, because mamma put him before him."

"Hush! hush!" cried Lillian, and buried her face in her hands, the deadly fear of her own heart supplying the rest.

Where the child and the girl were sitting, an opening in the trees showed the green path leading through the wood; but they themselves were in such deep shadow, that, although they could see this path quite clearly, and even a glimpse of the open country beyond, no one could see them. Presently came into sight Godfrey and Nathalie. She was leaning on his arm, her two hands clasped caressingly over it; her hat was off, and all her glittering golden tresses fell like a shining cloud about her face; even at the distance where she was, Lillian could see something of the wonderful beauty which had been such a deadly foe to her peace, bringing its possessor, though, as much ruin as it had wrought others. They were walking slowly, and speaking earnestly, Godfrey seeming to be entreating something which she, with downcast eyes and bended head, appeared to refuse. Perhaps she did not refuse finally; for Lillian could see her turn to him, her head thrown back, and her body, supple and light as a fawn's, bent toward him. Then they stopped, and Godfrey, taking her hands in his, first pressed them rapturously to his lips, then caught her, yielding and responsive, to his heart. And then from among the green leaves near them was thrust a dark face, which smiled as one who has planned his revenge and can afford to wait, smiling, for the event. Lillian saw and heard no more. A darkness came upon her eyes, and her senses failed her. When the weakness passed, all had gone, and the sole living thing she found was little Vanda, asleep in the noonday heat upon her lap.

And now Lillian's pleasant summer dream was over; the dream of her love, of her happiness, of the sun-life founded on love, and built up in honor—the girl's dream of the woman's blessedness—and she was now only a widow—a widow before even a wife! Her mother was more enviable than she; for she had known what love was—she had lived her life, if briefly; but for herself, what was there but an unsubstantial dream—a rosy fancy and a pale regret! That one short hour in the wood aged Lillian more than her whole life of eighteen years had done before. She sat down a saddened and perplexed child—she rose up a sadder but enlightened woman—a woman for whom was, henceforth, no delusion and no hope. And they, wrapped in the capricious selfishness of their own love, cared nothing for the sorrow whence they had garnered their joy, nor thought of the cunning eyes that had watched them, and the dark face that had smiled from among the green leaves, waiting for its revenge.

On their way home, all were strangely silent. Vanda was tired and sleepy. Mrs. May was troubled at all that was passing before her, and perplexed at the stranger who had spoken in an unknown tongue with Olga, then plunged into the wood, to be seen no more. Nathalie and Godfrey were both unlike themselves—he with an almost desperate gladness, defiant and cruel, and she with an incurable expression, glacial and immovable as all but Godfrey. Olga was thought-

ful and observant—a kind of triumph, somewhat softened, in her face—and Lillian was quite pale and subdued, avoiding every eye, and as if intent on watching the current as they glided on. So they floated homeward, a boat full of the saddest entanglement to be found anywhere.

While Nathalie was singing after tea, Godfrey sitting by her, scarcely caring to conceal his love, Olga came into the room unbidden. "Madame," she said in a loud voice, "your husband, the count, has arrived."

Nathalie turned deathly pale.

"Ah!" she said, her mournful face, perhaps, a shade more resolute than usual; "see that he has all he needs, Olga," striking a few chords, but not trusting her voice.

Olga looked at her angrily. "Give your orders yourself, Madame," she said, turning to the door as she spoke, and beckoning with her hand. And, as if in answer to her gesture, footsteps tramping about the hall door were heard, and a dark, thick-set, middle-aged man—a man with small, red eyes set under ferocious brows, a low head and a square jaw, but with light step and a smiling manner, came quickly into the room. It was the same man as had spoken to Olga by the boat, and whose face Lillian had seen watching the unconscious lovers in the wood.

"Nathalie, my wife!" he said, with a loving accent, but one false and forced to every ear; and he held out both his hands.

"So you are here, Michael!" said Nathalie, wildly; rising and giving him her hand in a painful, passive kind of way, not making even the pretense of welcome; then motioning to the rest, she murmured, "My friends," and that was all.

Michael looked round the room, smiling and bowing to each in turn; but finally singling out Lillian for his special attention; drawing a chair close to her, and apparently devoting himself to her amusement; pouring forth a torrent of anecdote and adventure, which the mingled patois of French and broken English in which he spoke made still more graphic and dramatic.

Nathalie sat apart from all, absorbed in her embroidery; and Godfrey, still with the same defiant expression on his face as it had worn in the boat, sat near her, addressing himself to no one else. Michael looked at them more than once, and whenever he looked he smiled, as Lillian had seen him smile in the woods to-day; and then he turned to the girl with a strange expression, unintelligible to her, in his eyes, but which, if she could have read, would have terrified her more than all the rest; for it was simply the expression of a man who calculates, balancing his chances.

So the evening wore away, and the stillness of the approaching storm became even heavier and more oppressive; till at last the welcome moment came when it was time to break up this strange, sad gathering, in expectation of a still stranger and sadder to-morrow. It was a relief to every one when Mrs. May's carriage was announced, and she and Lillian—poor little Lillian, so pale and sad—rose to go.

"I suppose, then, we shall not see you to-morrow, as your husband has arrived?" Mrs. May said, a little awkwardly, to Nathalie. She felt that she ought to have made some flourishing speech about their happiness in seeing him too, but she could not: the words died before utterance.

"No; I think not," said Nathalie, quietly.

"Oh, let me be no barrier to any pleasant arrangement!" cried Michael, with his forced smile and false voice. "I know that husbands are sometimes horribly in the way—eh, Mr. Thurman?" laughing; "and I am far too good-natured a fellow to wish to grieve my wife!"

"I shall not go," said Nathalie, again, to Mrs. May, turning her back on her husband. At which he laughed noisily, but made no further remark. "Do not quite hate me, Lillian," the countess whispered, as she wished the girl "good night." "If you knew all, you would pity me, and forgive us both."

"I cannot pity you," Lillian answered, sadly "but I will ask God to let me forgive you."

Nathalie pressed her hand, then threw her arms impulsively round her neck and kissed her. "God bless you!" she said, passionately; "you have given me my life!"

"And you have taken mine from me," said Lillian, the tears falling slowly down her face.

All this time they were standing in the hall, but during the last few moments Nathalie and Lillian were alone, for Michael had gone out with Mrs. May to her carriage, and Godfrey was in the porch, as if waiting for Lillian. But now Michael came back, and saying in rather a loud voice, "Now, Mr. Thurman, will you conduct your bride, or do you make her over to me?" ranged himself between Godfrey and Nathalie, his back to his wife, and his dark face turned smilingly on Godfrey.

"Thank you, I need no assistance," cried Lillian, shrinking nervously from her cousin, who came forward, suddenly enough, stung by Michael's words, and stung still more by his manner.

"Take Miss May to her carriage, Michael," said Nathalie, coldly.

He laughed, but took her hand, and so went out into the coming darkness with her.

Then Nathalie, turning to Godfrey, said in a low voice:

"It is too late, Godfrey; too late! We are lost!"

"Trust me," he answered, wringing her hand. "To-night, as you promised. Have faith in me, and courage, and the world is still our own."

No more was said, for just then Michael re-entered, and, still with a smiling face and pleasant manner, said, glancing upward:

"There will be a storm to-night, my wife; you had better be prepared." While he spoke the thunder muttered in the distance, and a faint flash of lightning shot through the distant clouds.

"You must be careful," he continued, turning to Godfrey; "it is not a pleasant night to travel. Do you purpose going far? I mean, is your home far distant? Would it not have been as well to have kept with your bride? You would have been safe and sheltered then."

"I am not afraid," replied Godfrey, coldly, as he pressed Nathalie's hand with meaning.

"No? Well, courage is a grand gift!" said Michael, simply. "Adieu, then, and bon voyage, monsieur!"

Before Godfrey had left the porch the man had double-locked the door and put up the chain with an ostentatious clang; then, turning to Olga, he exclaimed, in quite another tone and manner to what he had hitherto used:

"Come, mother, quick! supper and brandy! I am dying of hunger and this dreary farce. When I have had something to eat it will be time to take this little wretch to task!"

Saying which, he strode past Nathalie into the drawing-room, but, as if a thought had struck him, turned back immediately, and seizing her by the waist, carried her along with him, while he hissed rather than said:

"Not out of my sight for a moment, little snake, till I have settled my accounts with you!"

It was indeed a dark and threatening night.

One of those heavy summer nights when the air is full of storm, and men's minds are full of evil of fear, as passion or despondency is supreme. It seemed an ominous night for the first meeting, after so long a separation, of an unloving husband fresh from a criminal prison, and of a wife who had been deceived, and was now in her turn waiting to betray. But whatever she felt, Nathalie said nothing. She stood by the open window and looked out on the coming storm, while Michael and his mother sat at table, Olga plying her son with wine and meat, and he seasoning his repast with coarse jokes and more subtle sneers.

He had learnt by now the mistake he had made in marrying Nathalie, and how unfit she was for the purposes to which he had designed her. For he had meant her to be the lure for any victims he might select to plunder; the lure only, he saw not the prize!—thinking that a ruined maiden, deserted, so it seemed, by her lover, and left to bear the shameful consequences of her fault as she best might, alone, would be molded easily enough by the man generous enough to marry and to rehabilitate her. But he found, instead of the plastic intrigante he had believed her, a woman with a will as unyielding as her manner was gentle—a woman who had sinned through love, not through sin—and who, if despair and the madness of jealous fear drove her to this hated marriage, was none the less more disposed to fulfill the infamy assigned her, and when chance brought her to Corhampton, during her husband's imprisonment for swindling, and she was once more thrown into Godfrey's way, to gather up again the threads dropped seven years ago—when she was told how his seeming desertion had been only the old fatality of interrupted letters—told how he had loved her without ceasing, though he, too, in a moment of weariness, had been false to the memory of that love, and had pledged himself to Lillian, as a kind of cowardly solace for his loneliness—told that he did not regard her marriage as binding on the soul, whatever it might be in law—but who cares for law?—that the past tie between them was holier than any new bond could be—told all this and more, with the dangerous eloquence of love, and urged her to escape from a slavery that degraded into the liberty of a love that honored; and when all these arguments, too potent in themselves to a loving woman, gained added force by the fact of Michael's near return, then at last she yielded; and what Lillian had seen in the wood to-day, and what Michael had overheard, was her promise to escape with Godfrey to-night, she and their child, to some land where they could live their love undisturbed, unhaunted and unshamed. Just too late!

Nathalie had often before sat by an open window, as to-night; fingering, as now, a small phial in her pocket. But her heart had always failed her, or her good angel had prevented; and the phial still remained in its covering of glittering foil, harmless and intact. But now the spirit of evil was in the ascendant this dark and stormy night; and as the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, that little bottle in Nathalie's hand seemed to have an almost magnetic potency for her, as she fingered it longingly, caressingly, thoughtfully. Such salvation in those few drops! and only one noxious reptile the less in the world!

Something moved in the shadow of the cypress tree, walking near the window. Nathalie leaned forward, and the lightning seemed to play round her glittering hair, making it as a stream of gold falling round her, like a shower of light. Even Michael looked at her with a brute admiration in his eyes, and wished she had been more malleable and with a juster perception of her wifely duty. As Nathalie leaned forward, a man crept out from the shade of the cypress tree: a hurried word was whispered, a rapid kiss imprinted on the hand resting on the window-sill, and then the lightning showed more fully the tall dark form of Godfrey Thurman, waiting for the hour appointed between them.

Nathalie rose suddenly. "I have not drunk to your return, Michael," she said, coldly, approaching the table. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were bright, but her manner was cold, and her voice was colder still.

"What has happened at the window to thaw you so suddenly, my frozen snake?" shouted Michael, with a boisterous laugh, and darted up to look out.

He saw nothing but the dark branches of the cypress tree, and the quivering of the rose leaves in the wind.

"You can read the stars, mother! Come and tell me what you see!" he cried out to Olga, not turning his head.

Then Nathalie, swift as light and noiseless as night, took out the phial and emptied it into the wine-bottle—emptied it to the last drop.

"Well done, *ma belle*!" said Michael, half turning his head; "done with consummate skill! One would swear you had been bred in the court of the Borgias—a Lucretia yourself!" and he laughed. "But you forgot the possibility of this, my pretty poisoner!" He came forward, and opening his hand, showed a small mirror concealed in the palm. "I always carry this—my backward eyes—when not quite sure of my company," he said. "It has saved my life before to-night—worse luck for you, *ma belle*! and for the successor already appointed!"

Who had done it? How could any one answer? Yet all had their own thoughts, more or less openly expressed, when it became known the next day that Godfrey Thurman had been found in the garden at Dovesnest, seriously wounded—stabbed between the shoulders. It was a miracle, said the doctor, that the heart had not been touched—the eighth of an inch, and the thing would have been done! Also, the world thought what it would, when it heard that the beautiful Countess Nathalie, her child, Michael, and Olga, had disappeared, and left no trace behind them. No one at Corhampton ever heard of them again. They had come like spirits, fleet, unbidden, and silent; and they fled like ghosts, vanishing away into the thin morning air. But years after, when little Lillian May had settled down to a life of tranquil usefulness as a clergyman's wife in Devonshire, there was living, in a small village not far from Florence, a family of three—all foreigners alike to the sweet Italian soil. They were mother and daughter, thought to be Poles from the peculiar style of their loveliness, and a tall, dark, grave man—an Englishman, they said, who had been badly wounded in the Crimea, and went about, so to speak, with his life hanging in a balance. A wretched old woman lived with them—a blear-eyed, withered old hag, who used to talk of her son, the count, and praise him mightily, in her broken tongue. But she took good care not to name, among his other exploits, that murder of his in a gambling quarrel, which sent him to the galleys for life, where, happily for mankind, he was one day shot while attempting to escape, by which the world counted one villain the less.



GATHERING SUGAR CANE, ISLAND OF CUBA.

Gathering Sugar Cane in the Island of Cuba.

THE method of planting the sugar cane varies in different countries, but in general the practice is, after breaking up the land, to run straight parallel furrows through the plantation, at distances of four to six feet in the West Indies, and eight feet in Louisiana, in which furrows slips of the cane, each having several joints, are placed, two to five feet apart, and lightly covered. In the West Indies the best season for planting is from August to November; the cutting may be in March and April, but is often performed at any convenient time during the year. Our engraving represents the gathering of the canes on a plantation in the Island of Cuba.

Race Between the Yachts Mattie and Martha in New York Harbor, August 12th.

A VERY exciting race took place on Wednesday, August 12th, between the yacht *Mattie*, of the Bayonne (N. J.) Club, and the yacht *Martha*, of the Brooklyn Club, on a course extending from a stake-boat off Bedloe's Island, round the dumb beacon, keeping to the eastward of the buoys on the west bank, going and returning, making a distance of twenty-five miles. The yachts started promptly at 2:16; both went off together, the *Martha* to the windward. When near Fort Hamilton the *Mattie* fell off, and the *Martha* turned the beacon at 3:39:21; but in the windward tack from Coney Island the *Mattie* gained half a mile on her antagonist, and

kept the distance until her arrival at the stake-boat. The time of the *Mattie* was 6 hours, 57 minutes, 30 seconds; and that of the *Martha*, 7 hours, 10 minutes, 30 seconds. The sailing of both yachts was admirable, and the race exciting in the extreme. The stakes at first were \$500, but on the morning of the race, they were increased to \$1,000. The *Mattie* was allowed 70 seconds of time, on account of the difference in the length of the vessels.

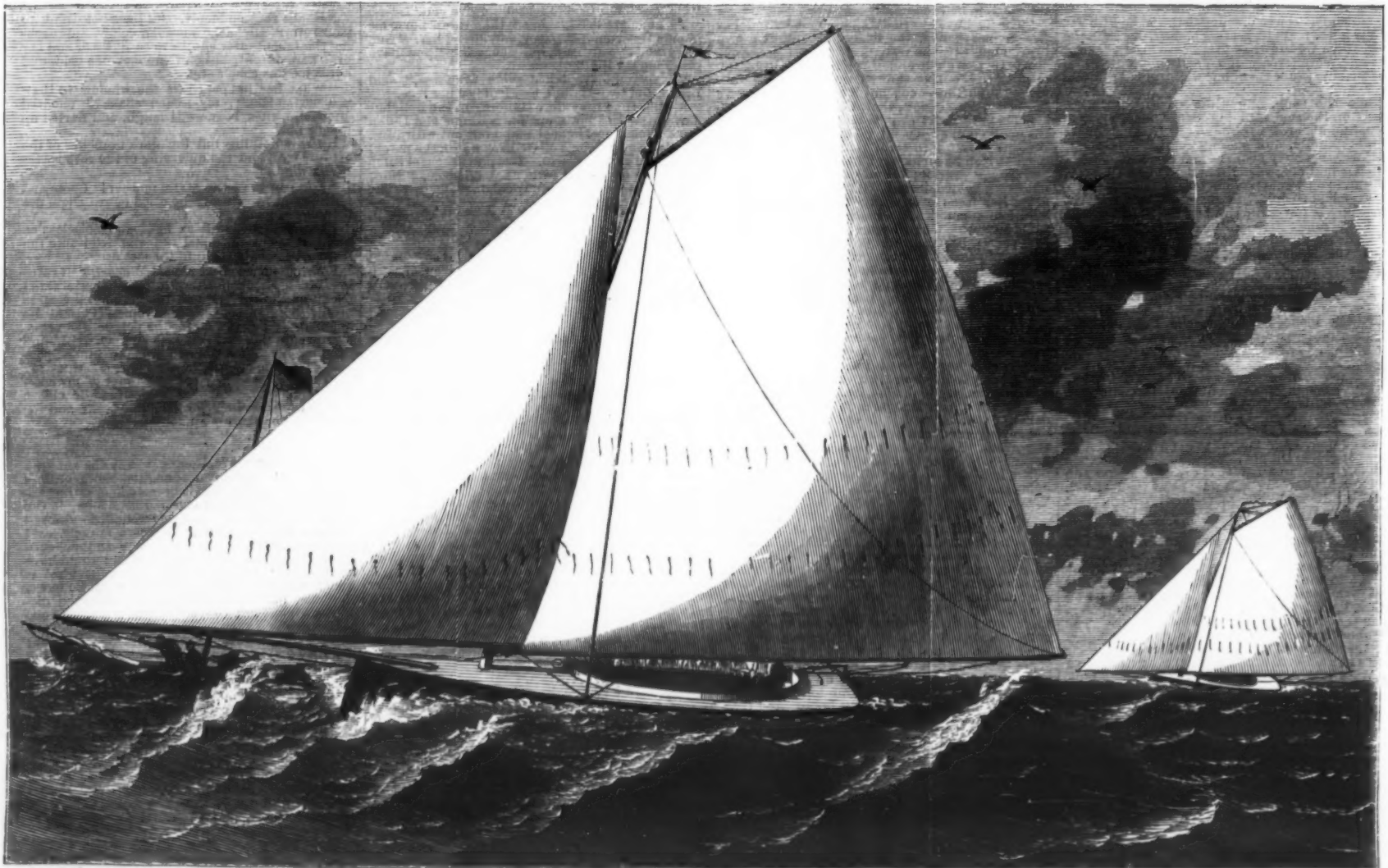
A SAILOR, in writing to his mother, gave the following account of a storm:
"We have been driven in the Bay of Fundy by a pampooa right in the teeth. It blowed great guns,

and we carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion; the captain lost his quadrant, and could not take an observation for fifteen days: at last we arrived at Halifax."

The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart; she then sallied out to tell the story.

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why, what's the matter—he's not lost?" inquired a sympathizing friend.
"Oh, thank God, he's safe, but he has been driven into the Bay of Fundy by a bombocle right in the teeth—it blowed great guns and they carried away the culprit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at Hallelujah."



THE RACE BETWEEN THE YACHTS "MATTIE" AND "MARTHA," IN NEW YORK HARBOR, AUGUST 12.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS.

A Policeman's Encounter with a Dog.

One of the detectives of the Metropolitan Police recently boarded a vessel lying at a dock in the East River, for the purpose of ferreting out a party of boys who had been seen prowling about the neighborhood in a suspicious manner. The officer searched the vessel, but was unable to find any traces of the little rogues, and turned to leave, when he saw a powerful and ferocious-looking dog advancing rapidly toward him. The dog came up savagely, and as it was about springing at the officer, he struck it a hard blow on the nose, which for an instant brought the creature to bay. A second

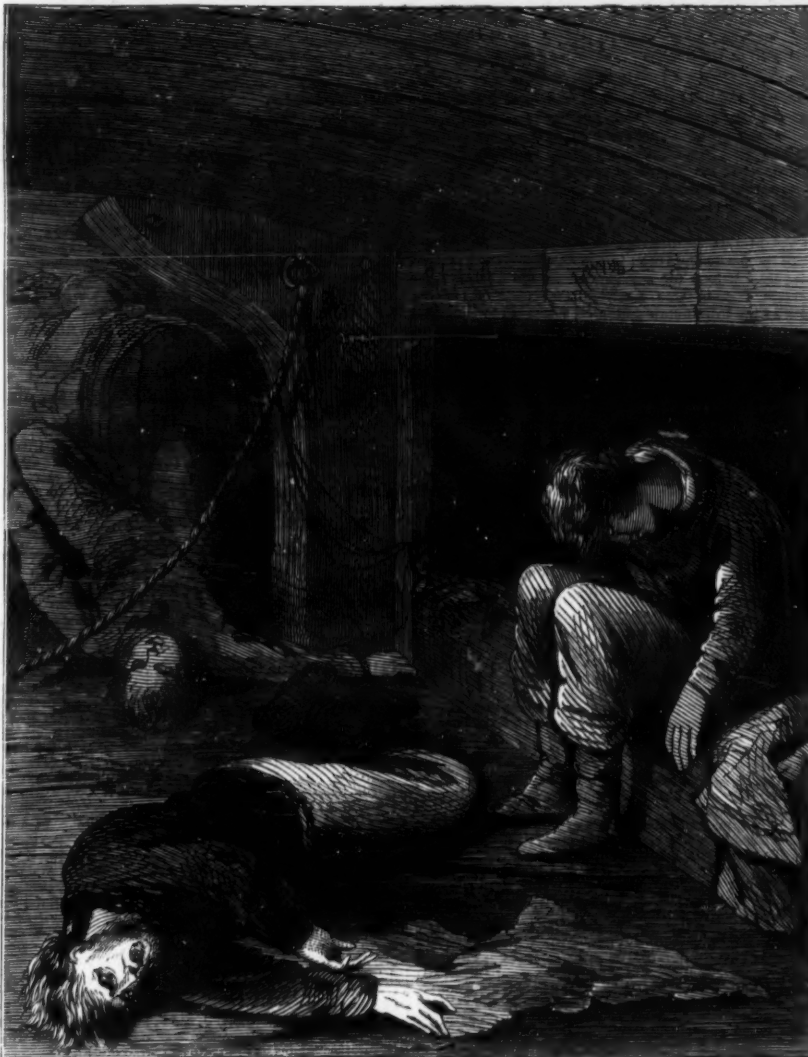


A POLICEMAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH A DOG.

blow knocked the dog over, and enabled the officer to reach the rail of the vessel, just as it advanced a third time. Satisfied of the rabid condition of the animal, the officer leaned over the rail, dealt the dog another blow as it was on the point of springing at him, and then leaped to the dock, without having received any injuries from his frothing antagonist.

Fiendish Outrage on a Winnebago Squaw, and Murder of her Pappoose, in Wisconsin.

A party of Winnebago Indians recently encamped on the shore of Lake Michigan, near Grand Haven, in-



THE DEAD MEN IN THE HOLD OF THE BARK "HENRY TROWBRIDGE," AT THE HIGHLANDS OF NEVESINK, N. J.

her back, and sauntered off among the sand hills to gather berries. She had proceeded but a short distance when she was suddenly assailed by two men, who had evidently divined her purpose and followed her. One of them seized her, and held his hand over her mouth to prevent her cries reaching the ears of the Indians, while the other roughly pulled the babe from her back, and cruelly choked it to death. The squaw, after witnessing the murder of her child, became possessed of an unusual strength, and manifested signs of avenging herself upon the ruffians; but before she could accomplish her purpose, she was knocked to the ground by a blow from a slung-shot, and otherwise subjected to



THE CHILD'S PROTEGE.

fiendish indignities. The body of the unfortunate woman was found several hours after the brutal attack, and the intelligence spread rapidly among the Indians. A council of war was called, and from an account given by the sufferer during a moment of consciousness, plans were laid for the capture of the men. Should the Indians and the white men associated with them get the villains in their power, a fearful retribution will follow the horrible crime.

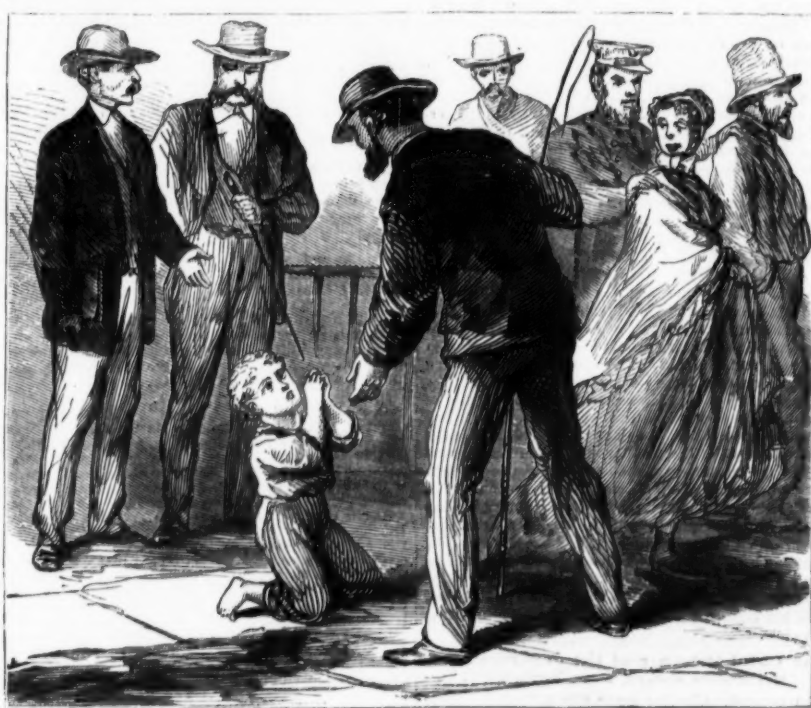
Sensation in a Ball Room.

A ball was recently given at Bethel, Conn., at which there was a large attendance of the elite of the city and adjoining towns. At a late hour of the evening, and



FIENDISH OUTRAGE ON A WINNEBAGO SQUAW, AND MURDER OF HER PAPPOOSE, IN WISCONSIN

tending to spend a few s in hunting and fishing. While the Indians were engaged in these pursuits, one of the squaws, a bright, well-built woman of twenty-eight, lashed her pappoose, but four months old, to



THE CHILD PRISONER AT THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT, NEW YORK CITY.



SENSATION IN A BALL ROOM.



SMOKING DEATH OF VICAR-GENERAL SPAULDING, AT LOUISVILLE, KY.



SINGULAR ACCIDENT TO AN OIL

ruption, and, after vainly attempting to drown the harsh sounds with their instruments, grew suddenly pale and ceased playing. The ladies manifested the premonitory symptoms of hysteria, and the gentlemen rushed about the room in anxious haste for somebody to tell them what to do, and supply them with the means of doing it. A party of young men succeeded in gaining the mastery over their wandering senses, and repaired to the locality whence the sounds proceeded. As they were about opening the window, a mammoth porker was thrust through the glass into the room by some mischievous parties outside, and immediately commenced discharging itself in a lively manner among the terrified guests. The ladies were hurried from the room, and after an obstinate encounter, the healthy old gentleman was overcome, and borne in triumph to a more appropriate apartment.

Shocking Death of Vicar-General Spaulding, at Louisville, Ky.

The Very Reverend B. J. Spaulding, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Louisville, Ky., came to his death in that city on the morning of August 5th, under very painful circumstances. It had been the custom of Father Spaulding to keep a gaslight burning in his bedroom during the night, the tube being a sliding one. About one o'clock on the above morning the tube slipped down, and, coming in contact with the mosquito bar, the netting was ignited, and in a few moments the bedclothes were all in flames. The reverend gentleman was aroused by the heat, and found, to his consternation, that the bedding was burning rapidly, and that his own night-clothing was nearly consumed. He immediately sprang from his blazing couch and extinguished the fire on his person, but not until his flesh was shockingly burned. In his agony he rushed from the room and plunged in a bath-tub which was partially filled with water, which only intensified his suffering. His groans awoke Father Bouchet, who occupied an adjoining room, and he hastened to his friend's relief. Physicians were promptly in attendance, but their remedies produced no favorable results. Frantic with pain, the sufferer immersed himself several times in the water, and sank rapidly under the great torture. He lingered but a few hours after the discovery of the fatal accident. Father Spaulding was born in Marion County, Ky., in the year 1811, and when quite young was sent to St. Mary's College. He afterward entered the Diocesan Seminary, then established at Bardonia, where he remained for several years. In 1832 he was sent to Rome, where he finished his ecclesiastical studies in the college of the Propaganda. He returned to Bardonia in 1836 or 1837, where he filled the office of Pastor of the Cathedral congregation for several years, and was afterward Vice-President of St. Joseph's College. Shortly after the removal of the Diocesan See to Louisville, he was appointed, under his brother, the present Archbishop of Baltimore—who was then Bishop of this See—Vicar-General of the Diocese. This office he has filled with marked ability to the time of his melancholy death.

The Dead Men in the Hold of the Bark Henry Trowbridge, at the Highlands of Neversink, N. J.

The bark Henry Trowbridge, belonging to a mercantile firm in New Haven, Conn., left the port of New York on the 4th of August, bound for Barbadoes, with an assorted cargo, including a large number of horses, mules, and sheep. The vessel was commanded by Captain Hotchkiss, of New Haven, who was accompanied by his wife and two children, and a crew of ten persons. Two days after sailing, the wreck of the bark was discovered about forty-five miles south of Sandy Hook, waterlogged and deserted. The fore-castle was the only portion seen above the surface, the masts had been snapped off close to the deck, the lifeboats were missing, and the general appearance of the vessel indicated that she had foundered during a heavy gale. The wreck was towed to the Highlands of Neversink, N. J., and was shortly after taken in charge by the officers of the Submarine Wrecking Company, who at once had the water pumped out, preparatory to making an examination below decks. The chart, compass, fresh-water barrel, and every species of provisions, had been removed, and all the animals, together with everything movable on deck, were washed away. In the hold the stiffened bodies of three seamen were found, one of whom was in a sitting posture in the bunk, while in one of the berths a fourth body was discovered. Since the announcement of the disaster, a telegram has been received by the owners of the bark from Captain Hotchkiss, which states that himself, his wife and one child, and five of the crew, were picked up at sea by a passing vessel, on the night of the 6th, and conveyed to Halifax, N. S., where they were awaiting transportation to New York. The officers and crew, including the captain's family, numbered thirteen persons. The bodies of four of the crew were found in the hold of the wreck, which, with the captain's daughter, make a total of five that were lost.

The Child Prisoner at the Jefferson Market Police Court, New York City.

An unusually affecting scene was witnessed several days ago at the Jefferson Market Police Court, while a number of prisoners were being transferred to the prison-van, for transportation to Blackwell's Island. The offenders were of both sexes, and all ages; many were familiar with the "Black Maria," as the van is called among law-breakers; and others were about taking their first ride. Among the latter was a little boy, apparently but six years of age, who had been sentenced to the House of Refuge on a charge of vagrancy. As the officers marched him from the courtroom to the prison-yard, the youthful culprit caught sight of the light, circus-like wagon, and begged piteously to be released. His screams increased with every step, and he clutched desperately at the iron railing, entreating in the most earnest and respectful manner to be forgiven his first offense. The officers were visibly affected by the distress of the intelligent lad, but he was finally compelled to go to the van, and when the driver said, "Come, my boy, and get in," the frail little creature fell upon his knees, and clasping his hands together, raised his supplicating eyes, filled with tears, to the driver, and cried: "Oh, mister, mister, oh, don't send me away, Oh, my mamma, my mamma is dead, what will I do? Mister, mister, master, don't send me away." The driver's eyes were filled with tears, and taking the child in his arms, he placed him in the van, and told the little fellow he would take him home. "Oh, no, you won't; you will take me to Blackwell's Island," said the child, as the door closed upon him, and the wagon started for the prison-boat Bellevue.

Singular Accident to an Ox.

A gentleman of Scarborough, Me., was recently attracted to his farm by the loud bellowing of an ox which had been turned loose for pasturing. On reaching the spot, he found the animal doubled up in a remarkable manner; one of its horns having been run through a hind foot. Besides the wound on the foot, the animal had sus-

tained other injuries and bruises which rendered its destruction an act of mercy. The horn had passed two inches through the foot, and from the position of the ox, it would seem that it had attempted to scratch its head or drive away the flies, when the foot caught on the point of the horn, and threw it to the ground.

The Child's Protege.

One of the little boys in the Louisville (Ky.) Protestant Orphan Asylum, about five years of age, manifested a singular attachment to a large rat, several months ago. This unusual acquaintance increased until the unattractive animal became the boy's constant companion. Though there were more than fifty children at the institution, the rat seems to have avoided all but its little friend, and to him it gave exhibitions of the utmost familiarity and confidence. It was not until the parties had been in the enjoyment of the most friendly relations for a period of six months that the strange fact became known. One of the matrons noticed the little fellow seated on the grass in the yard, carefully feeding the rat, which leaped about him in a lively manner, now resting on his knee, and anon receiving its food; on his shoulder. On inquiry, she found that the little creature had been sharing the boy's bed during the remarkable acquaintance, usually creeping from some undiscovered hole at the sound of its companion's footsteps, and passing the night snugly ensconced in his arms.

"Mum! sphere descended maid, Friend of pleasure—wisdom's aid."

So the poet has it. And we believe that no accomplishment tends so surely to elevate and refine the taste of a nation as music. We are glad to notice the rapid advancement of the cause in our young country, and we trust that the taste for the art will continue to grow. To-day our conservatories are crowded with amateurs, our halls are filled with appreciative audiences, our parlors echo with the soul-inspiring strains of music. Our homes are better, our lives are happier. All honor to our musicians and our students of the great masters! But while we owe much to those who delight and instruct with their performances, our thanks and patronage are due to those who make, and who have labored years in perfecting, our musical instruments.

It may be fitting here to remark that we know of no other firm who hold so prominent a position in the ranks of those whose lives and energies have been directed into the latter channel of industry than Carhart & Needham.

Among their extensive variety of Church, School, and Parlor Organs, we were pleased to find a most excellent substitute for the large pipe organ, in depth, variety, and quality of tone—a thing that has been long sought after by our students of the profession. And to those who have not already seen and heard these organs, we would say, "Go and see."

When we remember that Carhart & Needham are the pioneers of their branch of manufacture, that they have had twenty-two years of experience, that their progressive and inventive genius has made the reed organ what it now is—a standard musical instrument—and when we consider, too, their earnestness and determination, we cannot wonder at their great notoriety—their wide-spread fame. With such zealous workers as these in our cause, American supremacy is certain.

The other day, in company with Senator J. W. Stell, of Gonzales, Texas, we visited the celebrated Dr. J. A. Sherman, No. 697 Broadway, who is said, by those whom he has treated, to excel all doctors in the world in the cure of Ruptures. Senator Stell gave him a certificate of his own cure, and for the benefit of others suffering from hernia or rupture, we take pleasure in stating that the Senator gives Dr. Sherman the credit of curing hopeless cases—one of them his own. We found Dr. Sherman an amiable, pleasant gentleman, and take pleasure in recommending him to our friends.—Houston Telegraph.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH.—Pale and sickly-looking females would do a good thing for themselves by judiciously trying Speer's "Standard Wine Bitters." Thousands have used them who have been struggling for the mastery with death, and have found them to be the greatest life-giving tonic known. They will animate the pulse and bring health and color back to their death-white lips.

Sold by Druggists.

The Pendulum Watch is a most ingenious and amusing toy, calculated to please both old and young. The desire to know the future is implanted in every heart, and the inquisitive can consult the Pendulum Watch—as advertised in another column.

A FRANKFORT paper gives the following account of a difficulty about a *prima donna*, which was near terminating tragically. It may be remembered that in the recent representations of Wagner's new opera at Munich, a Mile. Mallinger contributed greatly to the success of the work. A young nobleman, Comte Arco-Bailey, has, it appears, been paying her attention for some time, but finding that lately the comedian Duringsfeld had been making way in her favor, he rushed into her *salon* one evening since, and drawing a revolver, presented it at her, saying that "if she who possessed his heart did not belong to him, it should not belong to another." Herr Duringsfeld, who fortunately happened to be present, seized the murderous weapon before the count had time to fire, and after inflicting several violent blows on him, turned him out of the room. There was a report of a duel having been arranged between the parties, but nothing of the kind has taken place, the count taking the disappointment of his revenge quite calmly. The whole affair was probably only a *coup de theatre*.

Ye Pimples, Blotches and Ulcerated victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your uncared persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your blood, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.

Holloway's Ointment is the best pain reliever in the world; in cases of severe and dangerous Burns and Scalds, apply it freely, and at once the sufferer will be relieved, and easy in a few moments.

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Teachers of long experience and known ability are employed in each of the Departments. For catalogue or further particulars, address, W. W. DOWD, A. B. Principal, North Granville, N. Y.

I GOT BIT!

MINE EYES WERE SWOLLEN AND almost shut, my whole face and arms were covered with swellings as large as my thumb, caused by mosquitoes that infest this vicinity. I got Wocott's Pain Paint and made an application. All pain and smart, as if by magic, instantly disappeared, the swellings subsided very soon, and I cheerfully endorse it as the best thing in the world. JENNY WILLIAMS, Greenpoint, L. I.

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Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once.

It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC Will be Completed in 1869.

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THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

Four Million Dollars,

which, after paying all expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

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upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

Are Entirely Secure.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for \$1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July, at the Company's office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal is payable in gold at maturity. The price is 102, and at the present rate of gold, they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is the length of time they have to run. It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years, the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe, and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which, in 1857, were bought in at from 20 to 23 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation, they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their Bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in New York.

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
AUGUST 12th, 1868. NEW YORK.

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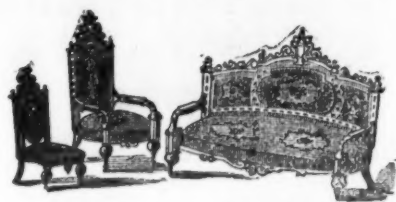
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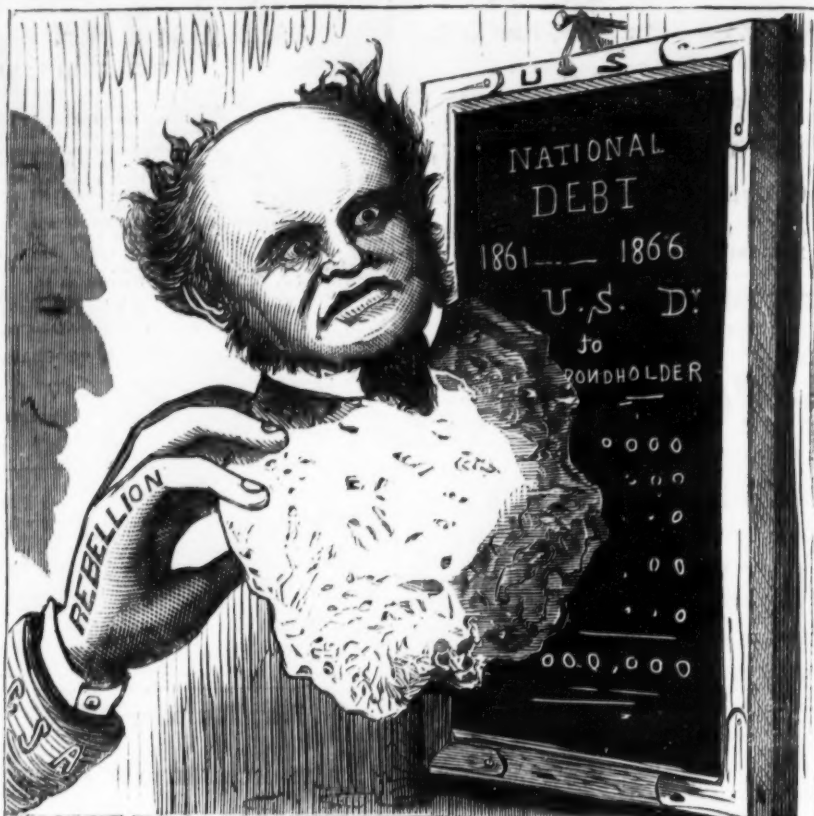
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